THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1846. WHOLE NO. 1318.

Original Poem.

LINES,

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. H. A. WALLER

Inscribed to W. W. of Mock Chase, Pa.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY T. HEMPSTALL

Soft fall the yellow leaves
Around the grave, in silence and love of mute,
As o'er the plaintive voice of Autumn grieves
From all her dying bowers.

Summer has paled and past,
Winter with icy hand has shorn the glade,
And Spring the brilliance of her gayest cast,
Nurse them sweet lowly bud.

And not 'midst all our hoard
We more fair wild-flower gleam, oh, early dead—
Calm on the bosom of the Spirit Land,
There rest thy weary head.

Beneath some brighter sun,
Upon some better planet—some fair star,
Where Virtue's angelic children have their race,
Nor pain nor blight may mar;

There rest thee, loved of source—
Oh, from our homeshall fees forever gone.
As a meek blossom on the fall of flowers,
We there from 'midst be seen!

Yet weep we not for thee,
There that art lifted from the storm, the strife,
From winter and from pain and misery—
All that embitters life—

Ev'n as some gentle wind,
Wafting the grateful dew and genial raise,
To the best pilgrim for sweet winds that pound,
And for dear native places!

Then, nurse to cotton,
Sweep the blue bible, and fasten and flee away,
Leaving no vestige of its short sojourn,
To cheer the fainting day.

So from our band didst thou,
Untold, unseen pierce the unrealm skies,
No shade upon thy calm and angel brow,
No dust upon those eyes.

Oh, darkly to thy grave,
Shall Summer flowers their fairest offerings bring,
And many a rosy plume and violet wave
In the sweet breath of Spring.

There the wild sky grow,
There shall the laurel lift its fadeless head,
There shall the fragrance of the lilac flow
Through the dark willow shade

There shall the robin sing
To the well known tone from the funeral bower,
There shall departing day in glances fling,
His last, golden hour.

While sweetly, softly round,
(What fitter harp to lift thy funeral hymn?)
The melody made in memory's mournful wood,
At morn, and evening dim.

Shall sing a dirge to thee,
And in their lowly, plaintive accent seem to tell
Of one, from earth, from pain, from sorrow free,
A dweller in the dell.

Soft fall the yellow leaves
Around thy grave, oh, blest and loved of sure,
As o'er the plaintive voice of Autumn grieves
From all her dying bowers.

Original Tales.

THE APOLOGY,

Or, What is Honorable?

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY ROBERT CAMPBELL

CHAPTER I

It was an unseasonably night, and the wine circulated freely up and down the long table at one of the Charleston clubs, and although it was crowded, to be witty were bandied around and song and laughter reëchoed for the mastery.

A question, Mr. President, shouted several voices at the bottom of the table, at a young man with a face flushed with excitement and with wine, some in their mirth, with a gay smile on his lips.

Order, order, gentlemen, exclaimed the President, "Mr. Mason is about to speak."

"I do not rise to make a speech, Mr. President," said Mason, "I only wished to propound a question to you as the learned head of this learned body of which a gentleman, who shall be nameless, is the tail. My question is simple—then—Whether the rule of majorities, a lever that has been by the same lady rejected twice and only accepted the same lady rejected twice and only accepted once, can be cited by the third time?

"And I would ask another question, exclaimed a gentleman opposite, in an angry tone, starting to his feet as he spoke, "I ask whether the lady, who accepts a fool the first time he offers, with a 'yes' and thank you too, does not most justly there will be considered as a lover of fools if not a whole family?

Order, order, gentlemen—these personalities cannot be allowed," said the President.

What do you mean by that, sir," said Mason, with indignation.

"Take it as you please," replied Edward Farrell, contemptuously.

"Then I will take it as an insult, and fling it back as such," exclaimed Mason flashing his glass of wine full in Farrell's face.

Farrell with passion too long pent down would have rushed at each other, but their comrades held them back until the first paroxysm of rage had passed and then they left the room, each vowing the deadliest hatred to the other, while a sudden chill seemed to fall upon that scene of such boisterous and ill advised merriment.

Frank Mason and Edward Farrell were the accepted lovers of two cousins of the name of Lee—Anna and Mary Lee had been from childhood inseparable friends. Living but a short distance apart, they had gone to the same school, and at early womanhood drew on the tie of sympathy that connected them, seemed to become only a stronger chain. One only thing had ever occurred to mar their harmony, it was their choice of lovers. With their characteristic Frank Mason, they was very well pleased; but in Edward Farrell, Anna had nearly an unconditionable aversion. Nor was she alone in that feeling, common report spoke unfavorably of Edward Farrell—it said he was given to intemperance, and that his morals, to say the mildest, were rather lax in their character. But Mary saw comparatively nothing of this—she seemed to see not all that her cousin perceived, but in some way her heart had become blamed in his favor, and a woman's heart always carries the day. Therefore although she had no complaisance with Anna's wishes and her parent's prayer, twice refused him, yet it was done in such a way that Edward by an answer was disheartened—and the third time she yielded and her parents unreasonably engaged to that which they found it was impossible to portend.

In Anna's feelings of dislike to Farrell, Frank most heartily shared, and being of a high-spirited, impetuous nature, he did not scruple to display his sentiments, even when there was an evident want of propriety in so doing. And in this way he was betrayed into the indiscretion which we have related.

"Well, Garland, Ned has challenged me," said Frank the afternoon of the next day, to his most intimate friend, as the latter entered his countingroom.

"Challenged you!"

"Yes, challenged me! here is his note written in good old Saxon," as the Professor would say.

"What folly!

"I know it well enough it is folly, Garland, and yet I am inclined to let him see that he has mistaken his man.

"Why, what do you mean, Frank? you are no duelist—I heard you say that not three months ago.

"Do you remember too, what Farrell said then—do you remember he hinted that it was more cowardice in me than principle," said Mason, while his cheek colored.

"But you yourself know it is not cowardice, I know it, all that have you know it.

"I am not so sure of that," replied Frank—" and more, I have a notion he should also know it, the wounded!

"Besides, you really did give the first offence, Mason—you should not have made that allusion to him."

"I said nothing about him in what I said.

"And he did not name you, either, if that is what you mean, in what he said."

"Well, I grant I was wrong at that, Garland."

"Then you should apologize!"

"Apologize! what, in the face of such a note! no, I will die first!

"I am not saying what you will do, but what you ought to do, Mason."

I suppose, then, Garland, if you were in my situation, you would, in the first place, get down on your knees, and then, most abjectly, beg his unmerciful pardon for having offended him, would you not?

"Not exactly, Frank, but that I would do. I would call and see Ned, and I would not care how many of his cronies were by, it would be setting him a good example—and I would say to him, Mr. Farrell, as I feel upon consideration that I was to blame, in the first place, last night, I beg your pardon for what I then said and did, and trust you, in like manner, will recall your words upon that occasion."

"And he would either refuse your apology, and post you as a coward, the next day, or else pretend to accept it, and secretly spread the same opinion of you from one end of the town to the other.

"So he it—it would not make me a coward. But I really would be a coward, would I not, Frank, if I should allow the spur of honor to be thus coldly used to influence my conduct?"

"Well," said Frank, after a pause, "I know you are right, Garland, but it goes hard, I assure you—and were it not that I have often expressed my opinion as to how a man ought to act upon such an occasion, I should hardly have the courage to do it.

"Why, for that matter," said Garland, "every one, as you have said, knows your opinion, and therefore not even the least appearance of anything like cowardice can be attached to your conduct—even if it could be under other circumstances, which I by no means admit."

"Well," said Frank, after a pause, "I know you are right, Garland,"

b old pony," speaking of his master, like a very saint; but this might be only their prejudiced supposition—there was no evidence on the subject. However, a poor widow, who had put a few notes herself into Sampson Hooks' hands, came one day for her interest. Sampson was not at home, but Mrs. Sampson had the poor woman into the parlor, kindly inquired her business, lamented that Mr. Hooks would not be at home that day, and asked the poor woman, who had thus come a long and weary way for a disappointment, to have some refreshment. While the poor woman ate, and lamented her hard case to have to come and go so far for nothing, she found Mrs. Hooks so tender and sympathising, that she begged of her as a great favor to pay her the interest herself, to save an old woman another long journey. The poor woman, to convince her that all was right, drew out the note, and handed it to Mrs. Hooks. The lady looked at it, declared that for what she knew of such things it might be right or wrong, but that she never ventured to meddle with such matters. As the poor widow went on to relate many of her own domestic affairs and troubles, Mrs. Hooks laid the note on her work-table, and as soon as the poor woman had done wiping her eyes on her appendix she had opened up a whole history of her life's past and present trials—she folded up the paper and returned it to her.

The widow came again in a few days, found Sampson Hooks luckily this time at home, and presented her note. What, however, was her astonishment, when Mr. Hooks put on a very strange look, and said, "Truly, good woman, here is a promissory note; but who promises, or what I have to do with this note, is more than I can tell, for here is no name to it."

"No name!" said the poor woman; "no name! Oh, Lord bless you, dear sir, why do you like to dishonour a poor body so? Here is your own honest name to it, just as you wrote it!"

"I tell you, woman, that what I say is true! See here, there is no name whatever; and who and what you are is quite unknown to me. I have no recollection of you, and must believe that you are an impudent impostor. Go, get away with you, too, as fast as you can!"

"No name!—you don't know me!—you!—great God! what do you mean?" exclaimed the poor woman turning as white as a sheet, and trembling till she could not rise without holding fast by the chair.

Hooks held the note angrily open before her; and when she had gazed at it, and saw that really there was no name, she dropped senseless into the chair. When she recovered from her swoon, she found herself laid on the sofa, and Mr. and Mrs. Hooks were busily sprinkling her with water, and in a great bustle, but there was no servant present.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1846.

TERMS.

Single copies $2 per annum in advance—$3 if not paid in advance.

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TO THOSE IN ARREARS.

We respectfully request those of our subscribers who are in arrears, to forward the amounts respectively owing to us, by mail, as soon as possible. We have tried to do our part in giving them a pleasant, instructive and moral evening companion throughout the year, now we trust they will do their parts, by forwarding that compensation to which we are justly entitled. "The laborer is worthy of his hire," is a Christian precept, and one worthy of all acceptation—and if any laborer be worthy of his hire surely the publisher, who gives so much for so little, is the man. We trust this appeal to the consciences and pockets of our subscribers, will not be without effect—but that every person upon reading it, will begin to study out in his or her mind, how much he or she "owes the printer."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A NORWICH SUBSCRIBER. We are truly grateful to our friend at Norwich for the kind approval expressed of our course. So general however, has been the expression in our favor, not only from our subscribers, but the press upon this subject that we find it scarcely necessary to publish the many flattering testimonials of support and approbation which we receive from all quarters.

TO ROSALIE. This is very good, but we have a faint recollection of seeing something very much like it before—we will however publish it.

THE AUTUMN SEASON.

We know not how many of our readers will unite with us, but in our judgment this is the most lovely season of the year. The young and gay, whom it well befits, may launch out into encomiums upon the Spring time, and the boy whose only thought is of vacations and long rambles in the green fields and woods, may praise the hot and bright splendor of the summer months, but to those whose minds either from age or from a natural tendency have acquired a reflective and meditative cast, the Autumn is the most instructive and most bewitching season of the year.

For it is then, it seems to us, that Nature preaches most audibly and significantly to man. When all is fresh and green and fragrant, she seems so full of and wrapped up in her own beauty, that she shuns as it were, the humble companionship of humanity. But when the winds begin to strip off the leaves of the forest, and the grass begins to grow scant and yellow, then she seems to condescend to its estate in such humility of spirit, and to find a sad joy in descanting upon the fragility and vanity of this earth, and of all that is merely transient and perishing.

For the highest of all knowledge that is possible for man to know, and the supremest of all wisdom, is the fragility and littleness of all earthly things. Analyze the highest morality and it is but this—the superiority of the infinite and eternal, to that which is merely earthly and finite—and it is because the Autumn, more than the Spring, the Summer, or even the Winter, teaches this great truth, that we value its silent lessons above all other revealings of nature.

There are a mellowness and indistinctness, too, about Autumn scenery, which far transcend the vividness of the other seasons of the year. The dim glory of the sun, the soft misty atmosphere, the dull rustle of dying leaves, all conspire to fill the mind with a pleasing sadness, as if we stood within the shadow of another world. That this sadness should be pleasing and not painful, seems to be a proof that we are not mere creatures of time—it seems to be the silent testimony of the soul to its immortal nature. It cannot repine at the fall of the leaf, and the fading and decay of earthly beauty, for this decay assures it by the contrast, of its own fadeless and undecaying being.

But there are other feelings that mingle with these, as we walk abroad in the fields and woods, in the decline of the year. We think of the past season—and how every green and growing thing having done its duty towards man and brought forth its fruit or flower in due season, now seems ready to lie down and die. And the thought involuntarily rises, how have we spent the year? Have we also, like these, been useful in our sphere, and brought forth much fruit to the glory of the great Master, or have we been idle and ungrateful when even dumb things have been busy, and these daily lived a life of thanks and praise. Happy is that man, who can answer such questions to the satisfaction of his own conscience, and the peace of his own soul.

HARPER & BROTHERS.

"What justification do Harper & Brothers offer for their course in publishing such works as those of Eugene Sue's?" is a common question nowadays. None, we answer. They think that the better policy is silence—they hope that if nothing is said on their part, the storm will soon blow over, and they be allowed to go on as before, reaping a golden harvest from the dissemination of that which is as much more to be dreaded than the pestilence, as the purity of the soul is of more importance than the health of the mere animal body. But to give our readers an idea of what they would say, if they dared to speak, we quote the following paragraph, which we extract from one of their advertisements in a New York paper. After announcing the appearance of another number of "Martin, or the Foundling," they say:—

"The popularity of this entrancing and most exciting romance, bids fair to extend the already wide popularity of the author. The critical opinions in high sources in several instances, pronounce this new production superior in artistic skill, in pungency of satire, and thrilling depth of pathos, to his former works—the 'Mysteries of Paris' and the 'Wandering Jew'—and to abound with as many exquisite descriptions, as many exciting incidents, and as many useful characters as those universally approved and popular works."

"And as many useful characters—as those universally approved and popular works." Yes, very probably, just about as many—a man may say that and not say very much either. But, if the Mirror's criticism is to be believed, the present work is even more disgusting than any former one of Sue's.

But Harper & Brothers, in spite of the above advertisement, know that they are doing wrong in publishing such a book. Why then continue the numbers. Why not come out like men, and members of a Christian church, and say, "Fellow countrymen, lovers of a pure literature and a pure social life, we have erred in this thing. We were led into it thoughtlessly, little by little, and now we shudder when we look around us and behold where we stand. From this time, henceforth, the name of Harper & Brothers on a book, shall be a guarantee that nothing can be found within its covers, calculated to call a blush to the purest maiden cheek."

If Harper & Brothers have the manliness and courage to pursue such a course—if, horror stricken at the idea of being in the least degree instrumental to such tragedies as that recently enacted at Richmond, they have the nobility of soul to come out openly and avow their intention to put a stop at once, so far as they are concerned, to the circulation of such corrupting books—they will acquire the respect and admiration of the great body of their countrymen. But if they have not, if, swayed by a contempt of morality, or influenced by false pride, they still persist in the publication of such abominable works, they must expect to be visited by the heaviest condemnation of all right-thinking men. Of one thing we can assure them—while we can wield a pen, this matter shall not blow over. We shall hold up, hereafter, every respectable publisher, whose name we find attached to an immoral book, to the indignation and scorn of the country. We will keep no terms with such. And we now call upon Harper & Brothers, in the name of that religion "which is first pure"—and which they profess to reverence, to discontinue the publication of any further numbers of that atrocious work, with which they are now engaged in deluging the country.

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

We still continue to receive commendatory notices from the country press for the part we have taken in reference to Immoral Publications—but we have already, we think, published sufficient to show what the general opinion of the community is upon this question. Articles from "The Sentinel," published at Woodstock, Va., and the "Fairfield County Democrat," of Norwalk, Conn., are now lying before us, speaking the same language which so many others have spoken in reference to the great evil of a corrupt literature. Among other things, the editor of the latter says—alluding more especially to our controversy with the Courier:—

"The calm and dispassionate reproof of the Post evinces an honest purpose; while the fiery and uncourteous retorts of the Saturday Courier too truly prove that the high moral tone of this once favorite paper has been interred with the remains of a good and moral man."

While the former paper says, upon the merits of the general question:—

"Among the first and most able denouncers of this iniquitous flood of trash, the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post deserves and will receive the thanks of all good citizens and friends of an elevated, virtuous and ennobling literature. And if the country press will now come forward and second the efforts of the city press, in discountenancing the circulation of the immoral works of such authors as Eugene Sue, Paul de Kock, Lippard, and a host of anonymous writers, we shall soon see this debasing stream turned back upon its corrupt fountain, by the merited reprobation of an enlightened people."

It is true—the city press, seconded by the country press, can do this good service to the cause of virtue and morality, and they must.

WHY NOT?

Some of our editorial brethren seem disposed to smile a little at a proposition recently made by Mr. Wise, the æronaut, to take the Castle of San Juan de Ulloa by means of a huge balloon, capable of raising thirty thousand pounds, to be loaded with bombs and torpedos, and manœuvred by a cable five miles long. With this aerial war ship hanging a mile above the fort, supplied with a thousand percussion bomb shells, the Castle of Vera Cruz could be taken, he thinks, without the loss of a single life to the army, and at an expense that would be comparatively nothing to what it will be to take it by the common mode of attack.

Now, for our part, we are disposed to think that something might be done in this way—at least we do not see why it should not be, that is, if it be possible to construct a balloon that would raise the necessary weight, of which a rope five miles long would not be the smallest portion, and if a rope could be made strong enough to hold five miles of rope, and if it were possible to manœuvre the balloon into the right position, and if all the operations of raising the balloon, &c., could be carried on out of reach of the enemies' fire—provided all these things could be done, we do not see why Mr. Wise should not succeed, if his plan was carried out, in at least "bothering" the Mexicans a little, if nothing else.

TREASURY NOTES.

The Secretary of the Treasury has at length concluded to issue Treasury Notes bearing interest at the rate of five and two-fifths per cent. to the amount of three millions of dollars.

The Public Ledger gives the following explanation of the Secretary's recent visit to New York. Whether it speaks "by authority," it does not say:—

"The Secretary's visit to New York, and his chaffering with the Banks as to a Government loan, were only as feelers of the market and to ascertain, if possible, the lowest rate of interest that would keep the issues from flowing back to the Treasury. He there learned that the banks would not hold them at five per cent., but would hold them at five and a fraction. It is now doubted whether the Secretary ever intended to make a loan from the banks, but as it is very necessary for the Government that these notes should not immediately find their way into our Custom House in payment of duties, it was important to know what rate of interest would induce capitalists to hold them—for if they are worth holding by the banks, they will not be neglected by individuals—hence the Secretary's reported offer of a loan."

SAMPSON HOOKS AND HIS MAN JOE LING.

Let none of our readers neglect to read the story with the above title, by William Howitt, of which we give the first half this week. It shows how the land of England has been gradually wrested from the small proprietors, and welded together into large estates, where thousands of acres are taken up in parks and hunting grounds, while millions suffer for want of bread. These pictures of English life are very important to us, as showing the rocks upon which England has split, and which we must strive to avoid.

POTATOES.

The Liverpool Times of the 14th says:—"There are now unloading on the Dublin quays two American vessels freighted with potatoes from the United States. They are of excellent quality and selling at the rate of tenpence per stone. We understand that this is but the commencement of an extensive import trade of the once staple commodity of Ireland."

IMPORTANT FROM CALIFORNIA.

The Washington correspondent of the Public Ledger, says that despatches have been received by the Navy Department, from Commodore Sloat, showing that every thing was going on well in the Pacific, and that but few obstacles were made by the Mexicans to our fleet taking possession of the whole Coast of Upper and Lower California. The United States banner floated from the heights of Monterey and at San Francisco, the most beautiful harbor on the whole Coast, perhaps the most capacious and secure in the whole world.

"The foreign population of California were delighted with the prospect of forming part and parcel of the Republic of the United States, and received our ships and men every where with marks of friendship and devotion. The Mexican Governor General Castro, who still holds out at the head of 100 Mexicans—the whole force he could muster to his aid—is hotly pursued by our gallant Col. Fremont, who effected a junction with our fleet down the coast, came down to San Francisco, and is now at the head of 150 gallant riflemen, (with whom, it is confidently expected, he will capture the Mexican Governor, General, Commander-in-Chief, General Staff, Commissariat and all,) on his way to the city Delios Angelos. By the time I write there is no doubt whatever but that the United States forces are in complete possession of Upper and Lower California.

"Commodore Sloat is on his way home, and expected in Washington in a day or two. He left Commodore Stockton in command of the squadron in the Pacific, from whom private letters have also reached this place. Com. Stockton has no doubt that he will be able, with the force under his command, to hold both Californias; but suspects the Mexican population of some deep seated hatred against our citizens. The foreign population, however, is by far the most numerous, and that is without exception in favor of annexation. California is forever lost to Mexico, and now part and parcel of a civilized Republic.

"The Mexican population are still made to believe that England will eventually intercede in their behalf; but a late occurrence seems to have set them right on that score. The Collingwood, eighty-gun flag ship of the line, Admiral Sir George Seymore, arrived at San Francisco and exchanged civilities with Commodore Stockton, by whom she was kindly furnished with some spars she stood in need of. Shortly after, Sir George left for the Sandwich Islands, after exchanging salutes with the American flag ship. This occurrence seems to have disenchanted the Mexicans in regard to their expectation of British aid, and will no doubt render the position of our force there more secure."

ATTACK ON TAMPICO.

The National Intelligencer says:—"There appears to be no doubt that the Government has, within a few weeks, ordered an expedition from the Rio Grande, under General Patterson, to move down the coast, and, in co-operation with a part of the naval force blockading Vera Cruz, to take possession of the town of Tampico. This place is about two hundred and eighty miles South of Matamoras, and nearly the same distance North from Vera Cruz. West of Tampico, about one hundred and forty miles in the interior, and near the head of the river Panuco, (at the mouth of which Tampico is situated) lies the city of San Luis Potosi, an important point on General Taylor's line of march to the city of Mexico. It is therefore highly probable that the force, or a great part of it, under General Patterson, after capturing Tampico, (where they will probably meet with no serious resistance,) will advance inland, and form a junction with General Taylor at San Luis. If this be the plan of the Government, it will be a fortunate one; for now that the feuds and distractions of Mexico have been reconciled, and its whole people united, by the return of Santa Anna, whose restoration our Government unfortunately aided or connived at, General Taylor will have need, we fear, of all the reinforcements at the command of the Government to enable him to triumph over the impediments of so long a march through a difficult and hostile country. What energy, courage, and prudence can do, we know that General Taylor, and his brave and now severely tried army, will effect; and to those we trust to carry him victoriously through the arduous and perilous task before him."

LAUGHABLE OCCURRENCE.

The New York correspondent of the Inquirer says:—

"A humorous incident occurred in this city yesterday afternoon. A report was current that a vessel lying in the East River, was about to proceed to Mexico under the command of a Mexican captain, with gunpowder and other munitions of war for the enemy. The Collector having heard it, despatched a posse of officers with instructions to overhaul the cargo, and in the event of the rumor being true, to seize the vessel and all on board.

"The officers proceeded to do their duty, and every bale, box and barrel in the vessel's hold, was turned upside down and scrutinized with eagerness. When they had got down pretty well in the hold, about one hundred very suspicious looking kegs were discovered. Directions were immediately given to allow no person to leave the vessel, and the officers were about to arrest all belonging to her, when the captain, who was silent during these operations, suggested that it might be as well to examine the contents of the kegs before resorting to any harsh measures.

"The suggestion was carried out—the heads of the kegs were knocked in, after all the fire in the vessel had been extinguished, to avoid an explosion—when lo! the contents turned out to be very nicely packed 'Orange County Butter, No. 1.' It is needless to say that the officers left the vessel in great haste, amid the jeers of the captain and crew."

HARDLY PROBABLE.

The Courier des Etats Unis makes a statement which we can scarcely credit—it would argue such a want of proper caution on the part of our Government. For though the administration may have given a passport to Santa Anna, it did not follow that he was to be allowed to take everybody with him—besides, where could those "twenty officers of great ability" have been fished up so suddenly. We did not suppose there were so many in all Spain, with the West Indies to boot. The following is the statement alluded to:—

"We have private letters from Havana, which show that Santa Anna brought with him, in the steamship Arab, to Vera Cruz, twenty Spanish officers of great ability, and among the number Narciso Lopez, who has acted a distinguished part in the civil wars of Old Spain. From other accounts we learn that these officers, under Santa Anna, are to have commands in the attempt to expel our columns of invasion. One of them, is a very able cavalry officer, who says that with a corps of five thousand men to oppose us, we can never reach the capital. Others are good artillerists, who will hurl death upon us in the passes to Saltillo or San Luis Potosi."

WOMAN'S LOVE.

The Louisville Democrat gives the following instance of love surviving through outrage, abuse and disgrace, and still clinging to the object of its early affection.

"Alas, the love of woman—it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing;
For all of hers upon that cast is thrown,
And when 'tis lost, earth has no more to bring!"

"A man by the name of Hamlin, of Vevay, Ia., who was in the habit of abusing his wife, was warned by somebody to leave the place in due time. This he did not heed. Mr Somebody and Mr. Somebody's friends went to the house of said Hamlin, and rode him on a rail to the river, where they put him in a skiff and transported him to the Kentucky side, gave him a dollar and ordered him to leave. His wife the next day followed him, notwithstanding that all his treatment of her was so outrageous as to awaken the indignation of the community."

MODE OF ATTACK.

An officer in the Army, who was present at the storming of Monterey, says:—"Gen. Worth has just completed a series of the most brilliant operations in modern warfare, and with but little loss. He carried four works, and then came into the town where every house was a fortification. He acted thus—Divided his force into columns, moving parallel, and opening their way with pick-axes through the houses and walls. Thus when they knocked a hole in the house they of course had possession, and in this way avoided the streets and the enemy's fire from roofs of houses and barricades thrown up in every direction."

DESPERATE GAMBLING.

A colored fireman, on board a steamboat running between St. Louis and New Orleans, having lost all his money at "poker" with his companions, staked his clothing, and being still unfortunate, pledged his own freedom for a small amount. Losing this the bets were doubled, and he finally, at one desperate hazard, ventured his full value as a slave, and laid down his free papers to represent the stake. He lost, suffered his certificates to be destroyed, and was actually sold by the winner to a slave dealer, who hesitated not to take him at a small discount upon his assessed value.

THOMAS CLARKSON.

We have tidings by the Caledonia of the death of that eminent philanthropist and truly good man, Thomas Clarkson.

His death took place at his residence, Playford Hall, near Ipswich, at four o'clock, A. M. of Saturday, Sept. 26th. He was eighty-six years of age. The Ipswich Express says:—"His spirit burned bright to the last."

THE FINE OLD MAIDEN LADY.

We are indebted to the Pittsburg Chronicle for the following classic and philosophic poem, showing the evils that sometimes result from putting little dogs to a use for which they were most probably never intended.

I'll sing you a little song, which cannot well be beat,
Of a fine old maiden lady who resides upon our street;
She was a kind good humored soul, as one could wish to meet,
And dearly loved her dogs and cats, which played about her feet.

Her little room was hung around, with ribbons, caps and bows,
And little shelves of China ware, which met misfortune's blows;
There is her old arm chair she'd sit, and fall into a doze,
While the teasing flies would buzz about her fine old ruby nose.

One little yellow dog she loved much more than all the rest,
Which eat from off its mistress' plate, whatever pleased it best;
And twice a day she used to wash her darling little pet,
And bought eye-water for its eyes, which were as black as jet.

At last one day her pet was missed, she searched the city through,
And in all the daily papers, large rewards were offered too;
Described exactly how it looked, its color, and its eyes,
In grief she wandered round the house, with tears and heavy sighs.

Three tedious days she slowly passed, no tidings met her ear,
This fine old maid was failing fast, for nothing now could cheer;
For she would neither eat nor drink, nor sleep nor stay awake,
Oh! she sobbed so for her little pet, you'd think her heart would break.

But time will soon blot out the sharpest pang of grief,
Before a week had circled o'er, she felt a great relief,
She walked again before her door, her slumbers were more sweet,
Her appetite again returned, oh my! how she could eat.

This maiden had two gossip friends, with whom she loved to chat,
They'd just dropped in to talk of news, of this affair and that;
Perhaps to tell of green ones caught, in wedlock's gallant net,
But this old maiden's absent thoughts were often on her pet.

The feast prepared, now down they sat, their tongues ran fast and free,
Their left hand held a piece of pie, their right, a cup of tea;
The tea was strong and highly praised, the pie could not be beat,
For she had bought it of a baker man, what sold 'em in the street.

Then all at once the ladies thought it tasted kind of queer,
Each one upon the other looked, and turned quite pale with fear;
The fine old maiden lady screamed, and fainted on the floor,
They raised her up to give her air, and opened wide the door.

'Twas plain to see her time had come, she grew so very weak,
Three times she pointed to the pie and vainly tried to speak,
She opened wide her jaws in death, oh! what a sight was there,
They saw the blue silk ribbon that her puppy used to wear.

They laid her in the cold, cold grave, while tears bedimm'd their eyes,
The coroner's verdict was, she died from eating puppy pies;
And now her ghost is often seen, slow stalking through the land,
And a monstrous piece of mince pie, is clutched in either hand.

D. M.

FROM SANTA FE.

Col. Doniphan writes from Santa Fe, under date of the 4th of September, that Gen Kearney had left with a portion of the troops for the southern towns on the Del Norte, and would be gone fifteen or twenty days. Meantime Col. Doniphan was left in command as temporary Governor, military and civil. "In addition to other duties," he says "Willard P. Hall and myself are arranging the Government, etc., trying to get the machine in operation. It is a very arduous matter—the laws are all in Spanish, and everything is done through an interpreter, and there is much in the laws conflicting with our constitution to be altered. The officers and citizens of the department, for all the counties above and around here have come in and taken the oath of allegiance—many tribes of Indians have been in to give in their allegiance. The Indians are citizens in the full acceptation of the term, and are by far the bravest, and some of them the wealthiest portion in the north part of the territory."

CURIOUS FACT.

The N. Y. Evening Post is responsible for the following. It is wonderful, if it be true, that other potatoes never have grown under the same circumstances.

"Yesterday afternoon, a gentleman residing, we believe, in this city, brought to the managers' room of the American Institute, four small potatoes which had been produced in the following manner. The gentleman alluded to, in the month of May, conceived that it was necessary to cut one or two more branches from his grape vine, and he accordingly lopped off the unnecessary branches, which caused them to bleed, and to remedy this he split a potato into two pieces, one of which he stuck on the end of the bleeding branch. He then tied a rag fast to the branch so as to cover the potato, and kept it from falling off, and then left it. The rag was not disturbed again until a day or two since, when it was removed and found to contain a crop of four small potatoes, which had grown from the piece stuck on the end of the branch. The truth of the gentleman's statement is vouched for by a gentleman of the highest respectability."

RIOT AT CANTON.

There has been quite a serious riot at Canton—the particulars of which are as follows:

"After dinner, an old English merchant was passing through a crowd of Chinamen, and pushed one of them out of his path. The Chinaman resented it angrily, struck the old resident, and threw a stone at him; whereupon he was pursued by the old resident and his friends, caught, 'dragged inside, and bound to a post.' This enraged the whole body of Chinamen, who made a furious assault upon the gates, demanding the release of their countryman. Upon this the English and the Americans armed themselves with guns, opened the gate, and when the Chinamen rushed in fired a volley of bullets into the mass, killing three, and wounding six. A letter written by an American merchant, says there were 'ten killed, and twice as many wounded.' The whole affair occupied about three hours. From these accounts, written by foreigners, it is evident that they were the aggressors, that they first acted as a mob, and that the Chinese only behaved as all men will, whether they ought to or not."

NEW MOVEMENT.

We find the following paragraph going the rounds under the above head:—

"The 'Liberty party' are about to establish a newspaper at Washington, to operate on a great scale. John Q. Adams, Mr. Giddings, and all the great spirits, are said to be interested. The plan is to raise a fund, by subscription, of $20,000 a year, for three years, which it is thought will be sufficient. A considerable portion of this large sum, we are told, is already pledged."

However true the above may be in the main, it is untrue evidently in the details, for neither Mr. Adams or Mr. Giddings are members of the "Liberty party." The "Liberty party" in their respective districts have always opposed the election of these gentlemen to Congress.

GENERAL BUTLER.

In relation to the insinuations thrown out by some of the newspaper correspondents relative to Gen. Butler and his brave associates, the Washington Union says:—"These insinuations are, no doubt, causelessly and shamefully unjust. The Kentucky soldiers are distinguished for their bravery—such is their proverbial reputation, and Gen. Butler requires no man to endorse his character. He is too well known for his skill in arms, his undaunted chivalry, and his discharge of all the duties of a soldier."

GRAFTING TOMATOES ON POTATOES.

At a meeting of the New York Farmer's Club, Mr. Meigs read from the "Annals of the Royal Horticultural Society of Paris," an account of a successful experiment of grafting a stem of the tomato upon the stalk of a potato, by which a crop of tomatoes was raised in the air, and one of potatoes in the earth. The tomato and the potato are of the same genus of plants.

A NEW VERSION.

The Colorado Herald, states that Col. Harney was ordered back to San Antonio from the Presidio de la Grande, by Gen. Taylor, in consequence of a dispute concerning precedence in rank, which he had with some of the volunteer officers, and not, as has been reported, because he had disobeyed orders.

THE OAKLAND BANK.

We find the following statement in the papers, of the assets of the above institution which recently collapsed.

"One desk, one press, one pair scales, two carpets, two stoves and pipe, one pair of shears, one counter brush, one lot specie boxes, (empty) one stool, one table and spread, three brass candlesticks, one looking glass, seven chairs, two chair cushions, one wood box, one glass case, two beds and bedding, one iron vault and contents.

"The contents of the vault are supposed to be about forty dollars in specie, a few notes payable in the bills of the bank, and a book account of about forty-one thousand dollars against W. Truesdall, the owner of the Bank."

If the above be anything more than a joke, the holders of the notes of the said Bank, will probably find it no joke—without indeed, Mr. Truesdail be a responsible man, which we hope and trust is the case.

MR. WALKER'S CONCERT.

We were unable to attend Mr. Walker's concert on Wednesday evening, the 21st inst., but we understand from some friends that were there, that his execution is very fine, and well worth the encouragement of the public. We trust that while patronage is so freely extended to every foreign artist who may deign to honor us with his presence, that native genius will not be suffered to languish and go unrewarded. Let our citizens remember upon all such occasions, that "a man's first duties are to those of his own household."

Miss Northall's singing also, seemed to give much satisfaction, and she was very well received by the audience.

SOUND DOCTRINE.

The Washington Union, alluding to the capture of Santa Fe, says:—"The provisional and temporary government of the Territory in a state of war is one thing; its ultimate destination at the conclusion of peace is another. No military power and no executive power can permanently annex new territory to the Union. That act must depend upon the other constitutional authorities of our country, in connexion with the executive power."

FROM MEXICO.

Late arrivals from Mexico bring a report that Santa Anna was actually on the march to meet General Taylor with between thirty and forty thousand men.

The Mexican Government has removed all prohibitions on foreign goods, and reduced the present duties 50 per cent.

BASE, IF TRUE.

The Matamoras Flag states that Ampudia in his interview with General Taylor, gave him to understand that commissioners had proceeded to Washington for the purpose of negotiating a peace. We can hardly think, however, that even a Mexican General would be guilty of so contemptible a falsehood.

THE TRUE AMERICAN.

The "True American" published by Cassius M. Clay at Lexington, Ky., has been discontinued. This is done by the Attorney of Mr. Clay, who is now commander of a corps of Volunteers engaged in the Mexican war. The present Editor thinks the discontinuance will be but temporary.

ATTACK ON VERA CRUZ.

It is currently reported at Washington, that a Cabinet Council has decided upon an immediate attack upon Vera Cruz, by a combined movement of our land and naval forces. It is further stated that despatches to this effect are already on their way.

IRON STEAMERS.

The British Government has determined to have no more iron steamers built. It is alleged that they become foul much sooner, and are more exposed to damage from shots, than wooden ones.

THANKSGIVING.

Governor Shunk has appointed Thursday the 26th of November next, to be observed as a day of Thanksgiving and Prayer throughout this State.

MIKE WALSH.

Mike's star is again in the ascendant. He has been regularly nominated in New York, on the Democratic ticket for Assembly.

YANKEE DOODLE.

The contributors to the above periodical are said to be G. G. Foster, Cornelius Matthews, and J. Anderson Smith.

Notices of New Works

THE FOUNTAIN. *A Gift: "to stir up the pure mind by way of remembrance." Edited by H. Hastings Weld. Philada: William Sloanaker.* This is in every respect an elegant gift book, not distinguished alone as many are for beauty of appearance, but rich in food for the mind and heart. The literary matter is of a very superior kind, many of the articles illustrating with a vividness and heart moving pathos that genius alone can command, the fearful power of intemperance over its victims; thus preaching most effectively the beauty and holiness of the temperance cause. To give an idea of the refreshment to be expected from the Fountain it is only necessary to mention the names of Mrs Stephens and Mrs Kirkland, Fanny Forester, Mrs Osgood, Alice G. Lee, Mrs Hughes, Horace Greeley, J. G. Whittier, J. Bayard Taylor, T. S. Arthur, Seba Smith, S. D. Patterson, &c., &c., as contributors to its pages. F. E. F. has given one of her spirited stories—a daguerreotype sketch of fashionable life, distinguished even more than usual by the clear sound sense and brilliant intellect that mark her writings.

The engravings, eight in number, are in Sartain's best style. In the picture of "Moses in Midian," the chief figure is a perfect model of manly strength and beauty, contrasting well with the graceful forms and lovely faces of the women. That entitled "Domestic Happiness," is decidedly the truest and happiest, and therefore the most beautiful thing of the kind we have ever seen. The happy family are caught unawares: there is no appearance of sitting for a picture—no trying to look happy, but the pure and touching reality, as if we had actually caught a glimpse of some sweet little home paradise, and were permitted to gaze unreproved into the very sanctuary of domestic bliss. There is much beauty in the faces of both parents and children, and the two little ones are instinct all over with a childish grace that every mother will delightedly recognize as true to nature. The fancy portrait, "Margaret," is a glorious creature, a wildly graceful form with movements fit for a sylvan deity, and a beautiful face, lighted up divinely with genius and feeling.

Altogether, as a beautiful work of art, and superior to most that we have seen in literary excellence, we commend the "Fountain" to the special notice of those who would do honor to their own taste in the choice of a present for the coming holydays.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—Godey, for November, comes before us in one of the most appropriate dresses that could be devised. In other words, a new cover has been hit upon, that for delicacy and grace is the very thing for a Lady's magazine. The principal embellishments are an engraving called "The Beneficence of Washington," which we think will please nearly universally, and "Saturday Evening," a picture of an urchin undergoing the weekly cleansing operation which all boys hate worse than they do dirt, a good deal. In addition there is a fashion plate, which we suppose the ladies will relish, though we abhor the whole tribe; and a number of little "curiosities" on the opposite page, two of which we are certain are bonnets, and one a cape, but as for the other five we cannot pretend to say what they are. The literary matter is fair, though Poe has finished his "Literati," much to our sorrow—for he gives us instead one of the most horrible tales that ever was conjured up by even his dark fancy. There is one thing, however, by the way, in which Godey's Book is entirely peculiar, and that is the "Model Cottage" department. In the present number we have a cottage in the German Swiss style. On the whole Mr. Godey labors to keep up the character of his work very successfully.

OUR ARMY ON THE RIO GRANDE. *By T. B. Thorpe, Author of "Tom Owen, the Bee Hunter." Illustrated by twenty-six engravings. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.* A thing always comes when it is wanted, and here, just as everybody was wishing for a more reliable and accessible account of the doings of our Army in the South West than what the newspapers furnish, it comes along all ready for perusal and reference. We have here descriptions of the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca De La Palma, the Bombardment of Fort Brown, &c. &c., with engravings illustrating the same. A number of anecdotes also are given, some of which are none the worse for having already passed through the papers. The style in which the book is written is very fair, though we would have been better pleased if it did not verge so often upon the "high heroic." This, however, will be no objection to very many readers. The price is fifty cents.

DEALINGS WITH THE FIRM OF DOMBEY & SON, WHOLESALE, RETAIL, AND FOR EXPORTATION. *By Charles Dickens. With illustrations by H. K. Browne. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.* We have received the first portion of the above work, which is to be completed in twenty numbers. From the manner in which it opens, we are inclined to believe that it will prove equal to Mr. Dickens's early works. Some persons have been inclined to confound Dickens with the French school, but there is as much difference between Dickens and Eugene Sue, notwithstanding both treat of humble life, as there is between the warm, pleasant light of the sun and the fierce, unpleasant glare of a volcano. Dickens is natural, simple, virtuous—Sue is morbid, affected, often revolting, and almost always impure.

COMSTOCK'S PHONETIC MAGAZINE. The November number of the above periodical contains an answer to a hostile criticism in the Harbinger, a portion of a poem entitled "The Mesiad" in English, with a translation into Phonology on the opposite pages, &c., &c.

SERMONS OF CHRISTMAS EVANS. *A new Translation from the Welsh. With a memoir and portraiture of the Author. By Joseph Cross. Philadelphia: J. Harmstead, 149 N. Fourth Street.* We have here the sermons and memoir of a man who was regarded by the celebrated Robert Hall as the first pulpit genius of his age. "Had he enjoyed the advantages of education," writes another individual who had often sat under his ministry, "he might have blended the impassioned declamation of Whitefield with something of the imperial opulence and pomp of fancy of Jeremy Taylor." The present translation of his sermons will doubtless be well received by the religious world, particularly by the numerous sect of which he was "a bright and morning star."

NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. The November number of this Magazine is embellished with four excellent engravings. The Flower Love Letter, which we understand is a portrait of Mrs. Osgood, and which represents her, in contradiction to the portrait in Graham's Magazine, a year or two ago, as quite a beautiful woman, is perhaps the best. The others, however, are also very good. They are entitled "The Young Shepherd," "Maria" (Sterne's Maria) and "The Flower Girl." The reading matter is by the Editor, R. F. Greeley, the "Author of Prairiedom," W. G. Sims, &c., &c. *Mr. T. B. Peterson, 98 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia, is Agent for this Periodical.*

CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE. *Philadelphia: G. B. Zieber & Co.* We have received from the publishers Nos 4 and 5 of this excellent work. We notice that No. 5 contains a great deal calculated to be of peculiar interest to the agricultural community. As a cheap popular encyclopedia, this work is probably unsurpassed; and we would recommend it to our readers generally as a compendium of knowledge upon almost every subject.

THE PENNY WEEKLY STORY TELLER. This is the name of a new periodical, intended to be published weekly, and to contain reprints of tales from standard authors. We are glad to perceive that the publishers avow their intention of giving currency to nothing that is not sufficiently moral to be "read before the Universe." The price is only fifty cents a year. The publication office is at No. 100 Race Street, Philadelphia.

FIRST GREEK LESSONS. *By Thomas Kerchever Arnold, M. A. Re-arranged and carefully corrected by Rev. J. A. Spencer, A. M. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: Geo. S. Appleton.* The school books of Arnold enjoy a high reputation, and we would recommend the one before us to the examination of teachers and scholars.

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND. *New York: Harper & Brothers.* No. 10 of this valuable work has been issued. It is for sale by *Lindsay & Blakiston*, corner of Fourth and Chesnut streets.

LADY LAWRENCE. *By Maria Edgeworth. Philadelphia: George S. Appleton, 148 Chesnut Street.* This is another of Mrs. Edgeworth's tales, got up in a very pretty style for children.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. *Zieber & Co.* have received another number of the Living Age, filled with its usual variety of choice selections.

HARPER'S ILLUMINATED SHAKSPEARE. We have received Nos. 117 and 118 of the above work.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE SPANISH MARRIAGE—A PROTEST—NO EUROPEAN WAR—RIOTS AND SCARCITY IN IRELAND—SUBSTITUTES FOR POTATOES—THE WESLEYAN SCHOOLS AND SCHOLARS—PHYSICAL FORCE AND TAXES ON INTEMPERANCE—CLUBS FOR THE MARRIED—A TRAVELLING CHINESE COLLECTION—FETES AND FASHIONS—GUN COTTON AND INVENTIONS—A BEQUEST TO THE NATION—A VERY STRANGE PETITION.

Bristol, England, October 3, 1846.

Punch has wittily styled the projected marriage between the Duc de Montpensier and the young Queen of Spain's sister, "a new Lucifer match invented by King Louis Philippe." It is already combust, and begins to flame and produce heart-burnings between nations, really from jealousy of French influence, but ostensibly because it would be an infraction of the Treaty of Utrecht, made in 1713, providing that no Prince of the House of Orleans should ever be placed in a position that may render him legally liable to claim the crown of Spain. There can be no doubt that the genius of Louis Philippe has enabled him thus far to triumph over the policy of the British Minister at Madrid; but it is said that our Government has sent a Protest to Spain and France against the marriage, taking ground not only on the provision of the Treaty already alluded to—but also on an arrangement between Louis Philippe and Queen Victoria, during her late visit at the Chateau d' Eu. This protest, however, is not understood to be a formal document, such as would be likely to lead to a serious difficulty, but rather the placing upon record an objection to any, even the slightest violation of a Treaty. The people of Spain are said to take alarm at the French marriage, to which they are described as hostile. Trouble will certainly grow out of this affair, and plenty of it, as Austria, Russia, Prussia, &c., are thought to adopt views identical with those of England—but then, that trouble will be strictly confined to diplomacy;—it is not likely to extend to war. What! think you that people will ever shed their blood and spend their money, in a quarrel as to who shall marry the Queen of Spain's little sister? Pshaw—nonsense! The journals (there are several) which so predict, must be managed by exceedingly puerile editors.

The scarcity of potatoes is producing serious and alarming results. Already there have been several riots in different towns and districts of Ireland—where lives have been lost, and wounds given and received. Meanwhile the Government is doing all in its power to relieve present and coming scarcity and starvation, by consigning immense quantities of food to Ireland at low prices, and also furnishing the Irish laborers with employment on several great public works, which will be carried into effect to the great advantage of the sister kingdom. The prejudice that existed in Ireland against Indian Corn is, I am glad to say, now gradually wearing away. It has not been without fatal fruits, however, as you probably might have seen in the public journals, showing that in one instance a family of several persons had been poisoned by servants—from a vindictive feeling in one of the latter, for having been provided with Indian corn bread. Among other substitutes for potatoes,—peas, beans, and even beet-roots are extensively recommended in several publications. It is probable that the two former will be more largely cultivated in future, as farmers will be rather afraid to plant potatoes, with the almost certainty of their crops being destroyed by the "rot." I am pleased to see that the destructive effects of the disease in France have been much exaggerated—also that the failure of the wheat crop in France is not so serious as had been described.

The Wesleyan Annual Conference was recently held in this city, and the various reports that were read can hardly fail to prove deeply interesting to your religious readers. It appears that in the Wesleyan Church, there are:—

Sunday School,	4,106
Sunday Scholars,	435,260
Children in Select Classes,	11,763
Teachers,	80,928
Cost of Sunday Schools,	£25,304
Day and Infant Schools,	370
Day and Infant Scholars,	34,286
Day and Infant Masters,	230
Day and Infant Mistresses,	138
Cost of Day Schools,	£22,574
Annual Expenditure for Education,	£48,000

I am happy to have it in my power to add, that every item in the above account exhibits a gratifying increase. Indeed the religious movements in every part of the kingdom are going forward in a spirit of enthusiasm and zeal. By the way, the Temperance cause is prospering. A late publication says that there is paid in England for tavern-licenses, tavern-taxes and spirit-duties, &c., the enormous sum of £11,000,000! Now the Annual expense of the entire Army, Navy and London and Rural Police, is only £10,750,000; leaving a balance of £250,000 in favor of necessary physical force over the legal elements and taxes of drunkenness.

Quite a new project has been started in London, and an experiment based upon it will shortly be made. It is an odd idea, however, and if not actually a kind of socialism, it is at least an approach to it. The project is, that "club-houses" shall be built for married people and their families. These to be in London or its suburbs—to be vast and magnificent palaces, like the present metropolitan club-houses—and each family to have a suite of apartments, varying at from £50 to £150 a year—each suite of apartments to consist of sitting rooms, bed-rooms, dressing-room, servants' offices, &c. Inmates may live at a public table, or in private, as their finances and convenience may dictate. Of course the builders are great promoters of this new bubble. By the way, the Chinese Collection, which is identified in its origin with your good city of Philadelphia, is about to be removed from London, and to be conveyed to all the chief cities in the kingdom, chiefly per railway. Messrs. Adams & Co., of Bow, have contracted to build twenty enormous vans, with shelves, &c., in which this justly-famed and attractive Museum will become peripatetic and itinerant. I believe that these vehicles, each as large as a house, will be so constructed that they will form an immense saloon with windows, chandeliers, &c.

The people of Paris are quite gay with autumnal fetes. A short time since, the fete of Les Loges, in the forest of St. Germain, drew thousands from the metropolis, and was the most dashing that had taken place for many years. The fashions are becoming warm and somewhat wintery—but the season is not yet sufficiently advanced to give tone to costume. In bonnets, poult-de-soie in cabbage green, blue marie and deep rose are among the novelties. Among the scientific novelties, may be noticed a preparation of cotton invented by Professor Schoenbrien, of Germany, called "gun cotton," which possesses double the explosive force of gunpowder. At the recent meeting of the British Association, it was exhibited by Mr. Grove, and with astonishing effect. The same gentleman has succeeded in "decomposing water by heat alone—or popularly speaking, he has boiled water into its elements, oxygen and hydrogen." This is considered a wonderful discovery—but I confess it to be a subject which I do not thoroughly understand.

Mr. J. Ashton died a few days since, and left £150,000 towards the payment of the National Debt. A strange superstition has given rise to a "petition to the Almighty from London, *that he would remove Satan from the earth.*" This precious piece of Johanna Southcotism has actually received eighty thousand signatures! What a commentary on the enlightenment of the nineteenth century!

The Arts.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE EXHIBITION.

The exhibition this week has been, we understand, attended by a very large number of our citizens. As we have not had time to give it that thorough examination we could have wished, we have culled from various sources, but principally from the North American, some notices of the most prominent and novel of the various articles exhibited:

W. P. Winchester exhibits a washing machine, in the form of a barrel churn, which is no doubt a useful and labor saving invention.

A case of improved over shoes, made by Andrew Vetter, North Fifth Street, are worthy of attention. The improvement consists in connecting the heel and fore part of the sole by an elastic, crimped piece of leather, which renders the motion of the foot more easy than when confined in the ordinary stiff over shoe.

Model of a Steam Engine, made by W. Clayton. In this model, the usual wheel next the fly wheel, is made of a conical shape, which give an "instant motion" to the slide valve in the steam chamber, thus making a considerable increase in the power of the engine.

A Hydraulic Wicket Gate, made by F. C. Lawthrop, of Carbon county, and deposited by maker—no one there to explain it.

Clayton & Miller exhibit a car and carriage brake, patented by them, constructed in a vice form, so as to gripe the rims of the wheels, and applies the friction to the sides of all the wheels at once, without producing any strain upon the axles. From the model exhibited, we should judge that this brake is the very thing to prevent the breaking of the limbs of railroad travellers.

A beautiful model of a self-adjusting and self-disconnecting Car Coupling, invented and deposited by S. K. Sweetman, of this city, is certainly an invention that ought to attract the attention of railroad companies. He has two model cars upon a track, by which the whole operation is seen at a glance. The coupling may be used between locomotives and cars as well as between cars, and is so constructed that an engine or car running off the track the width of the wheel, it disconnects itself at once, freeing immediately the remainder of the train. The same result is produced in case an axle breaks or a car is turned over. It adjusts itself to any extent of curve, and cannot become disconnected in travelling upon the track. A number of Engineers and others have examined it, and given favorable opinions of its utility. Its practicability and use is to be tested on the Reading railroad, we understand, and if found to answer the inventor's design (which we doubt not) it ought to be universally adopted.

A Cast Iron Corn and Cob Mill, invented and patented by J. P. Ross, of Union county, in this State, and exhibited by Charles Greene, is a powerful and useful machine. It grinds the corn and cob together in a rapid and effectual manner, producing what appears to be a nutritious and economical article of food for cattle.

Sheet Iron from James S. Wood & Son's Conshohocken Iron Works, and columns for stoves made of the same, in imitation of Russia Sheet Iron—deposited by makers. These specimens of the iron in sheets and the manufactured article, are certainly beautiful, and must in time have the preference over any of foreign manufacture.

A cast iron portable forge, made by C. H. Brightley, and deposited by O. W. Goodwin, and a stereotyper's shaving machine, made by Brightley, and deposited by H. Brightley, are of excellent workmanship.

Morris, Tasker & Morris exhibit several specimens of wrought iron tubes, and one coil of continuous tube, without screw, containing seventy-five feet.

A specimen of Flat Rope, designed for use on Inclined Planes and coal mines, manufactured by T. Jackson, Reading, Pa. This, we should suppose, was just the article for the uses specified.

The model of a reaping and mowing machine which will cut from twenty to thirty acres per day. It is a neat affair. We understand from a gentleman present, that this invention was an important one, and that the machine was working with great favor among the Jersey farmers.

A number of Ellicott's Platform Scales are exhibited, made by Ellicott & Abbott, capable of weighing from one hundred lbs. to a ton or more, some of which are very tastefully got up, one having a white marble slab platform. They exhibit also a very neat little platform Scale for the counter.

The model of an Anthracite Furnace, made by C. Custar, of the Duncannon Iron Works, Perry county, gives a good idea of an establishment of the kind.

Some fine Red Brick, manufactured by Joel W. Andrews, at Norristown, with Anthracite coal, at half the usual cost—deposited by maker. These bricks are pretty, and burnt with Anthracite at half cost. We should think that brick-makers would look to the matter.

Several specimens of the process of copying prints, maps, letters, &c., by the Anastatic Press of Robert Smith, Chesnut street. This is a wonderful invention and is destined to work a great revolution in the world of paper, and may yet form a most formidable obstacle to the use of paper money, by showing how easily it may be counterfeited, and how difficult it will be for the community to decide between genuine and spurious bank notes and other paper securities. This matter has already been brought to the notice of the British House of Commons by Mr. Hume.

S. B. Richardson, of Walnut street, exhibits a stand of various kinds of cotton and woollen cloths, rendered water-proof by an improved process. Each specimen has a quantity of water resting upon it, by which the virtues of the process are made obvious to the visiter.

Barnes and McKeachnie, of New York, exhibit specimens of their patent door mats, made like large brushes, and which appear to be very durable as well as useful and ornamental.

Two pretty Reels of Mahogany, made by a patient in the Friends' Asylum at Frankfort, who never worked at cabinet making, are pretty affairs, deposited by Philip Garrett.

On the platform leading from the lower to the upper saloon, are several barrels of superfine flour of various brands, and of excellent quality.

Jennison's Diaphragm Filter, in full operation, and with the animals extracted from the water magnified and rendered visible to the eye.

A cast iron furnace, T. B. Kreamer's patent improved, for heating all kinds of buildings with rarified air. It is said to have many advantages over others, one of which is that it can be taken apart without difficulty, and is not liable to rust, &c.—deposited by J. & C. W. Clothier.

Among others there is one Air Tight Wood Stove, with Ahren's patent ball and sockets, by which it is moveable at pleasure—and Cresson's patent Radiating Oven—deposited by Wm. P. Cresson.

Atwood's Empire Cooking Stoves deposited by E. Field, Market street, are extensive in their arrangements for cooking.

The "Buck Stove," made by J. G. Chadsey, "The Triumph Steam Conductor," and a "Portable Range" of Mott's patent, deposited by Williams & Hinds, Market street, are all well got up. The same depositors exhibited Mott's patent air-tight cement oven cooking stove; this has a tubular oven by which a greater radiating surface is presented and is well adapted for the kitchen in large and small families.

Among the many stoves, especially for cooking, none presented such striking advantages as several deposited by North & Harrison, Market street, all of which are constructed on a new principle, and for simplicity, economy, and efficiency, may challenge competition with any others now in use.

Their "Reservoir Air-tight Cooking Stove," Stewart's patent, was in full operation, and gave occular proof of its efficiency and of the deservedly high character it sustains in Boston, New York, Wilmington, and in this city, attested by the award of first premiums from the Institutes in those places. This stove is constructed and arranged for boiling, broiling, baking and roasting at the same time, capable of warming the largest kitchen in winter, while in summer, with the summer door attached, it throws out no more heat than a charcoal furnace. The reservoir which surrounds the pipe is available for keeping boiling water constantly for use, while in the rear there is attached a closet where meats, &c., can be kept warm without becoming dried or roasted. For baking bread or cake the oven is very well arranged, while these articles can also be baked upon the top by means of their reflectors, which accompany the stoves. The greatest merit, perhaps, of this stove is, that light cake and bread is baked handsomely in a short space of time. Several articles of the kind baked in fifteen minutes were exhibited, and were indeed quite tempting to the taste. Its economy is also a great consideration, as one feeding of the furnace with about three quarts of coal is sufficient fuel for twenty-four hours. Altogether, for the multifarious culinary purposes of families, this Reservoir Stove must occupy the highest rank.

The next important and exceedingly desirable article in this line, is that of "Granger's Patent Brick Oven Air Tight Cooking Stove," also deposited by North & Harrison. This stove is simple in its construction, and presents the improvement long sought for, viz., an oven to bake equal to an old fashioned brick oven. It is highly commended for its baking qualities, and differs from all others, in its being lined on the inside of the oven, front, back and bottom, with a *non-conductor* of heat which absorbs the moisture arising from articles being baked, keeps the oven dry, and with an even, perfect and steady heat allows the bread to rise gradually, so that it comes out *light* and sweet as from a brick oven.

So much does this stove resemble a brick oven that, when once heated, all the fire may be taken out, and bread baked perfectly by the heat retained in the brick—repeated trials having shown that two batches of bread may be baked after the fire has been removed.

A very neat cast iron Bath Tub, Mott's patent, weighing only 240 pounds, deposited by Williams & Hinds, is considered in every respect superior to anything of the kind ever exhibited.

Isaac S. Williams, of Market Street, displays a variety of tin ware, very pretty, and japanned tin ware, comprising leg and hip baths, and toilet sets for chambers. Also, a patent bath heater, for bath rooms—this is very handy. Also, "Well's Improved Shower Bath," so constructed that the water is raised by a force pump to the basin. Also another of similar construction, except that the water is raised by working the feet upon the force pump, which he calls the "Exercising Shower Bath." Both of these are desirable articles.

One of Fitzgerald's patented Portable Burr Stone Mills, for grinding flour, is in operation, with a bolting apparatus attached, producing very fine flour, which being handed over to the cooks it is soon converted into good cakes and bread in the well adapted cooking stoves that are exhibited in the saloon. There is also one of these mills for grinding corn meal in operation, which performs as well as anything of the kind could be desired. Both of them are deposited by Charles Green, Arch Street.

Another of the more interesting objects in this display, is a machine of great simplicity, made and deposited by Alonzo Isbell, for making lasting covered buttons, capable of furnishing sixty gross per day, one person working it. Its operation attracted much attention, and great surprise and admiration were evinced by the lookers on to witness by two separate operations of the lever, a beautiful covered button produced in less time than they could count the number of letters in the word.

William H. Richardson, No. 104 Market Street, has a large case of patent walking cane umbrellas, which are the most perfect contrivances of the kind we have yet seen. The umbrella is enclosed in a handsome case when not in use, and thus forms a carried but not heavy-looking cane, which may be worn at all times with ease and without the danger of being caught out in a shower unprepared for it. The umbrellas are very light but quite as durable as any of the old form. The invention is a useful one and ought to become popular.

J. Cobbison exhibits a small but useful apparatus, an improved morticing machine, by which he can make 10,000 mortices in a day.

One of Dripps' wheels is exhibited, manufactured at Coatsville, Pennsylvania—which is an improvement over most wheels, from the fact that it is not affected by ice, and has superior power from a given quantity of water.

A tilt hammer, or as it is called, "J. Nasmyth's Steam Hammer," deposited by Merrick & Towne, builders and patentees, a valuable machine for forging, and used in Europe for driving piles. The frame is of cast iron—the hammer weighs 500 lbs., the anvil 3,000 lbs., and is altogether a powerful and useful operative agent.

Next to this is in operation one of Montgolfier's Hydraulic Rams, for supplying farm houses, factories, villages, railroad stations, &c., with water. This is a simple and effective machine for forcing water, and may be used where a fall of from one to ten feet water can be procured to force a portion of any spring or brook to any proportionate elevation. The one in operation is supplied with Schuylkill water at the rate of five gallons per minute, has a head, or fall of two feet nine inches, and forces one barrel of water per hour, or 800 gallons per day, the distance of twenty-one feet in a constant stream. The machine is of cast iron and brass, occupies but one cubic foot of space, and may be kept in repair for twenty-five cents a-year. They are made by H. P. M. Birkenbine, Broad Street, and are furnished at such low prices that no person wanting an apparatus of the kind, would deny himself of its invaluable services.

One of Benson's patent Water Rams is also in operation, which with 3½ feet water fall forces a stream fifteen feet high. This is designed for supplying farms, houses, &c.

From the Seat of War

FROM THE ARMY.

The last mail received from New Orleans, dated 17th instant, brings but little further intelligence from the Army. The Tropic reports the death of Lieut. F. B. Price, and two volunteers, who were murdered by the Mexicans on their way to Camargo to join General Taylor at Monterey. The informant states that the bodies of Mr. Price and his two companions were found lying in the grass some distance from the road leading from Camargo to Monterey, completely riddled with bullet-holes. The bodies of *seventeen Mexican soldiers were lying scattered around them.* As he and his two companions were armed with revolving pistols, it is supposed they must have killed the *seventeen Mexicans* in a most desperate encounter. Lieut. Price belonged to one of the Louisiana volunteer corps which were disbanded, but he determined to devote himself to the cause of his country, and remained, to meet, as it eventuated, with the above melancholy fate.

One hundred recruits for the 1st Regiment of Dragoons had arrived at New Orleans, under the command of Col. Kearney, a relative of Gen. Kearney. They are reported as a fine body of men, and their horses all one color, iron gray.

Twelve thousand letters were brought in the mail from Monterey after the battle.

Gen. Wool's Division.—Late intelligence from Galveston bring intelligence of Gen. Wool's movements. On the 29th ult he, at the head of 3,500 men, took up his line of march from San Antonio for Presidio, the advance guard having left on the Saturday previous. Capts. Dickey and Doane, Lieuts. Reed and Kellogg, of the United States army, attached to Gen. Wool's division, and forty five sick and discharged volunteers, arrived at New Orleans on the 15th inst.

STILL LATER.

Advices from Monterey have been received down to the 6th of October. The city is in the quiet occupancy of our troops.

The report of the death of Col. McClung, of the Mississippi volunteers, is unfounded; he was improving. Lieut. Dilworth, of the 1st Infantry had died of his wounds. Lieut. Graham, of the 4th Infantry, was still alive, and hopes were entertained that he would recover. The death of Mr. Herman S. Thomas, of Harford County, Maryland will be deeply felt in his native State. He had joined McCullough's Rangers to see actual service, and fell in storming the second heights.

Capt. Owen, formerly Lieutenant of the Baltimore battalion, left Monterey on the 6th of October, and furnished the Picayune with many interesting details. He says the American loss in the three actions is set down at five hundred killed and wounded. We have no list of the killed and wounded. There are several letters from Kendall. The steamer Col. Harney, with Government stores, was lost with fifteen lives, on the 12th inst., at the mouth of the Rio Grande. An express had arrived at Monterey with the intelligence that General Wool, with 3,500 men, was to leave San Antonio on the 28th of September, for Chihuahua.

MONTEREY, Sept. 1[?], 5 P. M.

An express rider has this moment arrived from Salinas, which place he left this morning. It is only a day's ride this side of Saltillo, and he states on the authority of a Mexican, that Santa Anna arrived at that place on yesterday morning or the evening previous and immediately commenced fortifying the place with vigor. He had no less than 13,000 men with him, which added to those which left here under Ampudia, will swell his army to over 20,000 men. Report further has it that he is to erect works and batteries in Rancondo, the limit of our lines by the sixty days truce. If all this should prove true, the army may have more bloody work to do than ever. One thing is certain, Santa Anna was hourly expected here when Gen. Taylor proceeded, and many think that Ampudia's reasons for wishing to retire was the fact that he found himself to a degree surrounded, after the success of the Second Division, and was anxious to form a junction with his master on the best terms he could make.

The above rumor relative to the arrival of Santa Anna at Salinas, is probably premature. Other advices from Mexico say that he had only left the city of Mexico on the day when the express rider brought word to Monterey that he was fortifying the passes to Saltillo.

YUCATAN UNDER BLOCKADE.—The Government has rescinded the privileges granted to the ports of Yucatan, at the commencement of the blockade, and the ports of that State are subject to the interdictions applicable to the ports of Mexico generally. This will prevent the Yucatanese taking advantage of the generosity extended to them by the United States, to supply the Mexicans with the munitions of war, as they have been doing.

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Western Virginia. [*James S. Gamble, T. Gardner Smith, C. T. Dahlman, A. T. Goshorn, Wm. Neff, Jr., P. Dodd, Jr., Wm. Neff, Sr.*]

JOHN SIMMONDS, Jr., is our Agent for Philadelphia.

JOHN MORRISON is appointed by *Mr. M. Stevenson*, in Boston.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and the South-western States.

ISRAEL K. JAMES is Agent for the Southern and South-western States, and is authorized to receive [*Joseph G. H. P. Ross, William H. Weld, John S. Wolf, J. M. Wolf, & Co., and Thomas Ewing*] Post Notes.

THOMAS BETTERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of New York.

HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID TO PUBLISHERS.

The Post Master is empowered, upon the receipt of five dollars in money in a sealed letter, given a receipt for the same, and frank the letter, which he is to address, and the present description of the receipt to be sent to the Post Master, who redeems and presents it to the Post Master where the money is payable.

The Post Master with whom the money is deposited is also to receive a receipt from the person to whom it is due, of the parties, paying the same; and the newspapers or magazine for the balance of the year, and the Post Master through whom the same is to be paid to the Publisher.

The following is a form of the receipt which may be addressed to the Publisher:

Post Office, Boston, Mass., September, 15, 1845.

Received from John Hicks 5, two Dollars for subscription to the United States Saturday Post, from the 1st of October, which I have delivered over per cent and charged accordingly, according to the law in such cases made and provided.

Witness, The Post Master at Philadelphia will pay the same to the Publisher, on the presentation of this receipt properly endorsed.

(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

By the same mail an acknowledgment similar to the following is to be sent to the Post Master of Philadelphia:

Post Office, Melton, Pa., September 16, 1845.

To the Post Master at Philadelphia:

Sir,—I have received from *John Hicks*, two dollars for which I have credited one per cent and charged accordingly, according to the law in such cases made and provided.

(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intervention of the Post Office regulation, can transmit, if safe, notes of solvent banks to pay most of subscription, to the Publishers direct.

Local Intelligence.

VIOLENT ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE FROM THE HOUSE OF REFUGE.—On Thursday week, one of the inmates of the House of Refuge, named John Hefner, seventeen or eighteen years of age, made an attempt upon Mr. King, one of the superintendents of the workshop, and struck him on the head with a stick, the effect of which was to render Mr. K. insensible.

As soon as the attack was made a large number of the boys in the workshop, about 150 in all, joined while others joined with Mr. K.'s son in taking Duddy into custody, from which it would appear that the conspiring to escape was not general, as the violent manner in which it was undertaken had frightened them and deterred them from proceeding further.

It appears from what has since been ascertained, that the design of an escape was talked of, to be effected by rendering the superintendent and watching their way through the roof, but no such violence as committed by Duddy was contemplated. The chief offender, and others implicated by him, have since been been in close confinement, and will be expected, he put upon their trials for the outrage. Mr. King though dangerously ill, is expected to recover.

MELANCHOLY AND FATAL ACCIDENT.—On last Saturday morning, at an early hour, Mrs. Diehl, wife of Thomas Diehl, Esq., residing on Front street, below South, met with an accident in a singular manner, which terminated her life in a short time afterwards. While passing with a bucket of water for the purpose of procuring water, from her cistern, her through an adjoining room, she stumbled and falling, the bucket struck her on the breast in the fall, and was broken into two pieces. Upon one of the parts she fell on her right side, inflicting a gash under the breast, which penetrated the internal artery and par vagum nerve, and other important parts. Medical assistance was immediately called, but no relief could be afforded. We do not recollect of ever recording a more singular and at the same time a more melancholy and afflicting casualty, than this.

THE NEW SHERIFF.—Henry Lehr, Esq., High Sheriff of the city and county, entered upon the commencement from the Governor, and was on Monday inducted into office. The Sheriff made the following appointments:

Col. John L. Wolff, Chief Deputy.
Peter Hay, Esq., Executive Docket Clerk.
H. H. Salter, Original Writ Clerk.
Amos Phillips, one of the outdoor bailiffs.

No other appointments were made, as far as we could learn.

THE WAR.—The report that the President has called for the six regiments of volunteers, is informed by our State Sec. does not prove to be well founded.

General News.

C. M. CLAY.—The Lexington Observer of the 14th inst. says a meeting was held in Lexington on that city on Sunday last. Letters were received from some of the volunteers in Col. Marshall's regiment. On the battle ground, that Capt. C. M. Clay had left the camp in company with a man by the name of Kendall for the purpose of taking a look at the battle ground. It appears that they had not been heard of for twenty-one days. The utterance was that they must have been killed by the Indians and their bodies mutilated. It was stated that the dead bodies of two men answering to the description of Clay and Kendall had been found by the approhensions of Mr. Clay's relatives and friends, however, were relieved during the day, by another letter from Col. Marshall to Maj. Beall, one of the volunteers to his father, in which he stated, in a postscript to his letter, that Capt. Clay had just arrived in camp, having been sent by the order from Gen. Wool at San Antonio, to Col. Marshall, directing Captains Clay and Pennington's companies to be detached from the regiment, and under the command of Major John P. Gaines, to be marched to San Antonio, to be with him in Texas (Wool's) command. It is further stated that the companies above referred to, with the companies from Kentucky, under the command of Major Gaines, and Capt. Williams's at Clarksville, are to form a Battalion, to be under the command of Major Gaines, and to be attached to the division under Gen. Wool. This was the "Buffalo hunt" of Capt. Clay.

A STRIKING FACT.—On Monday evening last a youth, apparently about 17 years of age, [had] by age, appeared in male attire at the house of Mr. Wm. Musser, in this county and asked for lodging. While there was no room to accommodate him, he got out of the sex which her clothing indicated, but a female travelling through the country under this guise. She was brought to this city and lodged in the house of Michael H. Luther. She has given the following account of herself: Is an orphan girl, who has been raised in a poorhouse in

Selected Poetry.

FOR THE CURIOUSITY.

SONG OF THE PUMPKIN.

(Written on reading the gift of a Pumpkin Pie.)
BY A TANNER.

Oh! sweetly and full in the lands of the sun,
The vines of the grape and the fig tree run,
And the corn and the rice and the sugar cane grow,
And the date and the cocoa nut flourish also;
But where is the land that can show a nobler gift than
Like that which our Thanksgiving pumpkin can give,
While its mantled in luxe that its warming tree true,
And its fragrant fat the nutmeg and cinnamon suit?
For the truth of the old-fashioned pie I'll vouch
Or the pumpkin pie of the days of yore.

On the banks of the Xeril the dark Spanish maid
Comes up with the full of the tinkling urn below,
And the Creole of Cuba laughs out to behold
Through orange trees shining, the bright sphere of gold;

Yet with fonder delight from his home in the North,
On the fields of his harvest, the Yankee looks forth,
Where the crook-necks are coiling and yellow lies
In the

And the nest of September moon down on its vine.

Ah!—on Thanksgiving Day, where from East and from West,
From the North and from South comes the pilgrim and guest,
When the gray-haired New Englander sees round his board
The old broken link of affection restored—
When the one-year-old man sees his mother once more
And the one-year-old maiden with whom she got courted
And the aunts, minus number, where the girl smiled before,

What produces the joy, and what brightens the eye?
What emits back the past like the clash Bengal fire?
Oh!—fruit loved of boyhood!—the old days recalling,
When wood grapes were popping and beaux were wooing
Thee!

When cold, ugly faces we never can thaw,
Glowing out through the dark with a candle within!
When we laughed round the corn heap, with hearts all in tune,
Our chair a broad pumpkin—our lantern the moon,
Sat in the bins of Indian with ears ripe for the husk
In a pumpkin shell mask, with two ears for the toast;
Then thanks for thy present!—none sweeter or better
E'er sampled from us were or mended a platter!
Fairer lands never brought at a pantry more fine,
Richer eyes never searched nor to looking their chase;
And the purpose which my mouth it too full to express,
Dwells my heart that my smiles can never express!
But the days of thy lot may be lengthened below,
And the fame of thy virtues, like pumpkins, we grow,
And the life be as sweet, and its fact sunset sky
Golden-toned and fair, as thy ripe Pumpkin Pie!

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES
Of the Old World.

NUMBER SEVENTY-EIGHT.

DEPARTURE FROM PARIS—PALACE AND PARK OF VERSAILLES—WALK DOWN THE SEINE—A SUSPICIOUS LANDLORD—SCENERY OF NORMANDY—ROUEN—WALK TO DIEPPE—STARTLING VIEW OF THE ATLANTIC—CROSSING THE CHANNEL—OLD ENGLAND AGAIN.

London, March 19, 1840.

At length, after a residence of five weeks, which in spite of snow fast enough to bury people quickly out of delightfully, I turned my back on Paris. It was not regret I experienced on taking my seat in the second cabine of the Versailles, that feeling of reluctance with which we leave places whose bright-ness and gaiety force the mind away from serious toil. Hence, however, cuts short all regiment; and in much less time than it takes to bid farewell to a German, we had whirled past the Place d' Louvre through the barrier, and were watching the spires start up from the receding city, on one way to St. Cloud.

This splendid summer residence of the royal family is built on the slope of a hill, on the south-ern bank of the Seine. The palace is not visible from the railroad, which passes through a tunnel under part of the park, and so can we were engaged, if I took another glance across the plain, for a last glimpse of the massive and lofty Arc de Triomphe and the twin towers of Notre Dame. A few minutes more, through a full cutting, brought us to the station at Versailles. Fighting my way through the crowd of grisettes, cabriolet drivers, etc., I found myself in a small, dreary looking, cold-aspect city, through the middle of which ran a broad avenue of lofty linden trees, terminating in the palace, which wants the enormous mass of the palace, looking almost as large as the city itself. Leaving my knapsack at a restaurant, I entered the gilded gate and walked up through the great paved court yard. This front of the palace is composed of confused blocks of buildings, thrown together without much design, yet imposing from their size and variety. On the floors of two hospitable apartments was I ac-scribed, in staring letters, "*A la gloire de la France.*"

The gallery of modern French art, now being formed, comprises many magnificent pictures. When completed, it will have no equal of the kind in Europe. The main body of the palace is appro-priated to it, and although I walked directly through it, scarcely taking time to give anything a second look, two hours and a half had passed before I had threaded the labyrinth of halls and arched galleries—the distance could not have been less than three miles.

I most admired some of Vernet's paintings. His scenes of the African war are colored richly and gorgeously, and for correctness of drawing they are not excelled by the works of any other living artist. The "Taking of Constantine," represented in three large pictures, is a perfect epic of a reality. The men who become white in the sun, and from the base and bleached earth to the blue and dazzling sky there seems to hang a heavy, scorching atmosphere. The white smoke of the artillery coils almost visi-bly off the canvas, and the confused and half-spring walls look as if about to topple down on the be-siegers. A large commemorative painting of the battle of Smahlia, which fills the whole side of one of the rooms, has for its principal figure the Duke D'Aumale, surrounded by kneeling women from the cap-tured house of the Arab chief.

One series of halls is devoted to the illustration of the knightly chivalries of France, from the days of Charlemagne to those of Bayard and Gaston de Foix. Among these pictured legends, I looked with the deepest interest upon that of the noble girl of Orleans, whose strange and romantic deeds have scarcely a parallel in history. Her countenance—the same in all these pictures and is beautiful—is early in fact, which stands in one of the corridors—is said to be copied from an old and well-authenticated portrait. Called to be queen and deity of a nation, she was not cancelled by the works of any other living artist. The "Taking of Constantine," represented in three large pictures, is a perfect epic of a reality. The men who become white in the sun, and from the base and bleached earth to the blue and dazzling sky there seems to hang a heavy, scorching atmosphere. The white smoke of the artillery coils almost visibly off the canvas, and the confused and half-spring walls look as if about to topple down on the be-siegers. A large commemorative painting of the battle of Smahlia, which fills the whole side of one of the rooms, has for its principal figure the Duke D'Aumale, surrounded by kneeling women from the captured house of the Arab chief.

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I entered Dieppe in a shower, and after getting nearly soaked in hunting an inn suitable for my means, set out to get a *permis d'embarquement* from the police office. This Guide Books say that it is furnished gratis, which, taking for granted, I was quietly going out the door, on receiving it, when the officer pointed to a table, and I was forgot half-dozen! I then took a look at the quaint Gothic church, walked along the battlements bordering the sea, and returned to the inn to get my lunch, as the landlord had promised to call me up at half past two. My anxiety, however, waked me up soon, out of the hill and on the surface of the Channel, still, I abandoned my knapsack and went down to the wharf at one o clock. No one was stirring on board the boat, and I paced the silent, gloomy streets of the town for an hour, before they waked up and opening an *estaminet*, which might be called the harbor on the dark, rainy Channel, and turning into the topmost berth, shut the sliding curtain and slept for long and cold and uncomfortable hours. I was unwilling; a heavy storm of snow and rain rendered our passage by steam; that I did not stir till the next morning, when I found myself at Rouen.

I landed out on the foggy shores of England with a feeling of relief, the more complete from the difficult bondage of foreign languages. Yet when I landed, the change was so sudden, that I found myself more than once at the point of addressing persons in French, and could scarcely have that all around spoke—— strictly be-cause, at least—— ——ers at the Custom House, I took my seat at the coach and off we went. On the day was cold and cold; the sea resembled a milky blotch in the midst of a leaden sky; I sat and shivered, as we rattled forward, amid the rich, cultivated English scenery. At last the fog grew thicker; the road was carried over the tops of houses; the familiar cry of "London!" was heard, and about the upper I was again in London!

J. B. T.

Fun and Frolic.

DON'T BE TOO PARTICULAR.—An Irishman once declared that he visited the Land Mayor of London, who received him with the greatest politeness, and asked him if he wouldn't "take a little or'ide." He replied that he wouldn't mind a little whiskey and water, but that he didn't like "or'ide." The Lord Mayor ordered a bottle of sherry, but while the Land Mayor was out hearing the water, the Irishman stole from his delicious slumber. "Och!" cried he, compassionating what a fool he was to await for hot potash during the procurious tenure of a dream. "how I long, as may be known from the swarms of bees that are now in search of it.

TO TAKE BEARDS OUT OF LEDGE.—Hold them in a mill that is looking at the fun, and they will soon disappear.

STRANGER VS. THE GALVANIC BATTERY.—A smart son of Hibernia walked into a place the other evening where a gentleman was practising with a galvanic battery, and was invited to get in if he could retain the handles in his feet.

"By Jabers! It's me and no dat same," replied the son of Erin. He took them, and the gentleman gave him a considerable shock.

"Little more, I'll warrant I can hold 'em."

The little more was tried, and a "grain more" was asked for, and put on.

"I guess I can hould 'em" said Jemmy, "a bout bit more"

The gentleman applied the whole force of the machine, and Jemmy's arms began to twitch and jump as though he had the shaking palsy, and his feet were firmly set on the handles, manage all at once he let go.

"Take 'em away," bawled Jemmy, as he danced to and fro—"take 'em away; the little devil inside is thinkin' I'm not sthrong enough to hould 'em, but don't ye take 'em away—he'll twitch every bone out in my body."

The gentleman put a stop to the operations of the machine and Jemmy, shaking himself to see that he was whole, hinted out of the room, stating a furtive glance back at the machine as though he were afraid of another attack.

ARIEL FOGLE.—A French paper gives the following account of a trick played by some young men upon the Custom House officers at Cherbourg.

He was seen driving a horse in one of the streets, with a suspicious looking cart on the back, and from time to time he turned round to see whether he was pursued or not. The curiosity of the Custom House officers was soon excited, and at length they judged that he must be a smuggler of the most formidable description. Some of them summoned him to stop, but he only drove his horse faster, and on their coming after him, he whipped the cart, and the animal's back, there is ever less danger of a fall. This was the case with the fugitive, so went a pace at the officers after him, and after judging him through several streets in the fellow had a good pair of heels, finally caught him in a stone-cooper's shop. Here he refused to open his cart, being in a private house, and in pre-pense of a commissary of police; as the com-missary was sent for, the officers stood round in the shop, convinced that their capture and the seizure was sure. It was full of hay!

BUYING A DOUT.—An Englishman and a Frenchman quarrelled at a gambling-table in Paris, and the next day went out to fight a duel. The weapons chosen for the occasion were pistols. The Englishman fired first and missed his man, who, at the moment he was about to pull the trigger, had his finger ar-rested by a cry from his adversary of "Stop, stop!"

As soon as the Frenchman had stopped, he cried out to him—

"I'll buy your shot."

The seconds were not less astonished than the principal, but they entertained the matter, and the result was that the Englishman, having plenty of money, and the Frenchman none, the shot was sold for 25,000 francs, and the lender and seller re-entered the city shortly afterward, delighted with the bar-gain.

ANECDOTE OF CURRAN.—Mr. Curran was once asked, what an Irish gentleman, just arrived in England, could mean by frequently putting out his tongue. "I suppose," replied the wit, "*he's trying to catch the English accent.*"

Ladies' Boudoir.

OUR FLOWER VASE.

WEEPING WILLOW. *Parodise.*
For love is of a fatal spell,
That sweetly soothes but to betray—
Let not the soft deceiver win
Your heart away.
A garland of the cypress tree,
Or weeping willow wreath may well
Be mailed for me.
J. Madison.

Some day, perhaps, thou'lt wake
From pleasure's dream to know
The grief of broken vows.
Moore.

It received in name *Salix Babylonica* from Linnæus in allusion to the 137th Psalm.

Affixed forever and a weeping down,
Their barge upon the weight'ning willow hung,
Its joyous hymn encouraging their tongue.
Byron.

On the willow dry harp is suspended.
Oh, Solitude! to seek thee I come,
And the best wires thy glories were rended,
But left me that token of thee.
Ah! such was the sound with which the soul
Of the Odeville, is said to have been taken from an old lad-ie, to be found in "Percy's Relques of Ancient English Poetry."

"PARODISE.—My mother had a maid call'd Barbara;
She was a true maid, and she lov'd a man,
And did forsake her: she had a song of willow,
An old thing 'twas, but it expressed her fortune,
And she died singing it."

The illustrious author varied his song, somewhat, and made it the plaint of a fair damsel. From the original ballad, I shall transcribe a few stanzas:

"Come, all you *fair maidens*, and sit down by me,
And lament with me, poor undone maid, for Barbara Allen.
The *willow wreath* wears it, and thus she did say,
A garland for lovers forsaken, must wear.

Oh, the greene willow, and the willow, greene,
The greene willow wreath wears it, and thus she did say.

"Farewell, false lover heartes! pleases and wish my breath!
Then dost look me, I love thee, though cause of my death.
Remember me, when I am cold as the clay,
The salt water fell from him, which mirrored the stream.

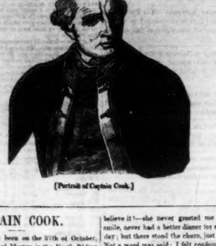
The *S. Babylonica* is a native of the east. *Lowers* says, "Abundant around Cairo and Alexandria, and in the gardens of the Egyptians." Gerard says, "It grows in Arabia, and at the foot of the cliffs, on either side, I could see the white line of the breakers. I shall not soon forget that night. It came over me like a sudden electric shock, and I gave a shout that might have been heard in all the valleys around. It almost seemed as if the Heights of Meverouck were just below the horizon, and after a year and a half of wandering over the continent, it excited a home-sick feeling to look on a sea that washed the shores of America.

I entered Dieppe in a shower, and after getting nearly soaked in hunting an inn suitable for my means, set out to get a *permis d'embarquement* from the police office. This Guide Books say that it is furnished gratis, which, taking for granted, I was quietly going out the door, on receiving it, when the officer pointed to a table, and I was forgot half-dozen! I then took a look at the quaint Gothic church, walked along the battlements bordering the sea, and returned to the inn to get my lunch, as the landlord had promised to call me up at half past two. My anxiety, however, waked me up soon, out of the hill and on the surface of the Channel, still, I abandoned my knapsack and went down to the wharf at one o clock. No one was stirring on board the boat, and I paced the silent, gloomy streets of the town for an hour, before they waked up and opening an *estaminet*, which might be called the harbor on the dark, rainy Channel, and turning into the topmost berth, shut the sliding curtain and slept for long and cold and uncomfortable hours. I was unwilling; a heavy storm of snow and rain rendered our passage by steam; that I did not stir till the next morning, when I found myself at Rouen.

I landed out on the foggy shores of England with a feeling of relief, the more complete from the difficult bondage of foreign languages. Yet when I landed, the change was so sudden, that I found myself more than once at the point of addressing persons in French, and could scarcely have that all around spoke—— strictly be-cause, at least—— ——ers at the Custom House, I took my seat at the coach and off we went. On the day was cold and cold; the sea resembled a milky blotch in the midst of a leaden sky; I sat and shivered, as we rattled forward, amid the rich, cultivated English scenery. At last the fog grew thicker; the road was carried over the tops of houses; the familiar cry of "London!" was heard, and about the upper I was again in London!

J. B. T.

Our Portrait Gallery.



[Portrait of Captain Cook.]

CAPTAIN COOK.

James Cook was born on the 27th of October, 1728, at the village of Marton in the North Riding of Yorkshire, England. His parents were of the class of laborers. All the education he received consisted only in English reading, writing and the first rules of arithmetic. He was then, at the age of thirteen, bound apprentice in a small shopkeeper in the neighborhood of Staithes, a small sea-port town on the coast. Here he became so smitten with the love of a sea life that he could not rest till his wish for employment in that line was gratified. This at last happened, as we have said, when he entered himself as one of the crew of a vessel engaged in the coal trade. In fact, from apprenticeship to captain, he passed through all the breaking out of the war of 1755. He then entered the navy, as a common seaman, of course, but his native sagacity soon led him to perceive the ascent itself, and in four years he rose to be Master of the Mercury, one of the ships belonging to an expedition sent against Quebec. Then by far the most formidable of the difficulties were overcome which he had to encounter in emerging from obscurity; he was now on the direct road to preferment, and in a position in which his good conduct and superior abilities could not fail to be noticed and rewarded. While stationed in this command on the coast of North America, he greatly distinguished himself both by his skill and intrepidity as a seaman; and he also made use of his leisure to settle the dobets of his original education by studying the mathematics and astronomy. He successfully ap-plied himself in this way one of the most scientific naval officers of his time. His reputation rose accord-ingly, and in 1768, when a voyage was resolved on to be undertaken to the South Sea, to obtain an accurate observation of the transit of Venus, Cook was selected to command the ship. He con-ducted this expedition with admirable ability, and the honor of it was publicly acknowledged. On his return to England he was promoted to the rank of lieu-tenant, and he was also made a member of the Royal Society. He immediately set about preparing for another voyage of discovery; the princi-pal object of which was to ascertain the existence of a southern continent, which had been supposed to exist in the southern part of the world, and which navigators were to be remembered. Of the party of mariners, by whom Captain Cook was accompanied when he sailed from Plymouth, on the 13th of July, 1772, in the hasty retreat made," says Burney "after the boats had put off, one man still remained on shore. This was Lieutenant Pickersgill. He stuffed (now Lieut.) Molesworth Phillips of the Marines, though himself wounded at the time, swing his attention, and made a push at the officer, who was not slow to bring him off sash." The author proceeds to compare the conduct of Lieutenant Pickersgill with a similar act performed in 1631 by a Dutch Cap-tain, Cornelius de Witte, who, when a boat's crew which he commanded was surprised in a port on the Coast of Africa by an ambuscade of Spaniards, and driven to sea after four of them had been killed, leaped into the sea, and, after a long time, suc-cessfully returned to the shore in the face of the enemy, and took him into his boat. "This was an act of generosity," observes the French biographer of the account of the Dutch voyage, "worth a word which he received in his side, and of which he was afterwards cured. The crew of the Dutch-man was received by his countrymen, and it may be said by the world, with the greatest honors of the great men of the age was lost; and both in his own and in foreign nations public honors were lavished upon him during his life. The recipient of hury and enterprising exertion in every field of activity which has elapsed since his death, no severe name in the same department has yet arisen to unite of his, and with reference to the peculiar character of his fame, as contrasted with that of our other renowned seamen, it has justly re-marked that, "while numberless have been our naval heroes who have sought and gained repute, as the Captain's remains, and handed the din of their fame to future ages, it is left for Cook to derive celebrity from two impressing but not less important exploits, as they tended to promote the interests of science and nations, and increase the stock of useful science."

For the Ladies.

HOW SHE DID IT.

"I never understood but once," said Tom, "to set at naught the authority of my will. You know that my wife and I were married and all was nice and cosy, she got me into that habit of doing all the forming. She never found me in a row from one hour but then, she—why I was done just in this way and again. It was done on one morning, and stopping away from the table, slipped the cream with cream, and set it just where I couldn't help seeing what was there. So I took hold, regular-ly enough, and churned till the butter had come. She didn't thank me, but looked so nice and sweet about it that I felt well paid. Well, when the next churning day came along she fed the same thing and I followed suit and fetched the butter. Again and again it was done on me and I was regularly in for it every time. Not a word said, you know, of course. Well by and bye, this began to be rather tiresome, and I made up my mind to put a stop to it, once and all. I couldn't say anything about it, to save my life, so as we went. At last I made a re-solve that the next time she should churn, and when she asked me. Churning day came, and when my breakfast—she always got nice breakfasts—then that was swallowed, their came the churn. She got up, and standing a few minutes just to give her a chance to speak if she would, I walked out, and stopped in the yard, to give her time to call me, but never a word said she, and so, with a palpitating heart, I went to the field. Down there I worked, and all over twice, and my foot was as restless as was that of Noah's dove. I felt as if I had done a mean thing, and that I was a fool. I went back to the house at noon, and found my wife in the best of spirits, and all over twice, and my foot was as restless as was that of Noah's dove. I felt as if I had done a mean thing, and that I was a fool. I went back to the house at noon, and found my wife in the best of spirits, and indescribable sensation of guilt resting upon me all the forenoon. It seemed as if dinner-time never would come, and so for going home one minute be-fore dinner. I would at once have cut my ears off for I went feeling and moping around town till din-ner hour came. Home I went feeling very much as a criminal must when the jury is out, having in their hands his destiny—life or death. I couldn't make up my mind exactly how she would meet me, but some kind of a storm I expected. Will you believe it—she never greeted me with a sweeter look, or better dinner for me than on that day; but there stood the churn, just where I left it! Not a word was said; I felt confoundedly out of sorts, and my mouthful of that dinner seemed as if it would choke me. She didn't pay any regard to it, how-ever, but went on just as if nothing had happened. Before dinner was over I had again resolved, and, shoving back my chair, I marched to the churn and set it in front of me on the old spot. Then came the splash, *splash*, *splash*, I kept it up. As if in spite, the butter never was so long coming! I supposed the churn couldn't go any long-er, and so I re-doubled my efforts. Obstinate matter—the alter-nores were away while I churned. It seemed to me, at last, from sheer exhaustion, when she spoke for the first time—"Come, Tom, my dear, you have carried that churn about quite long enough, and I'll do for you are doing it? I knew how it was, in a flash. She had brought the butter in the forenoon, and had been amusing herself with the churn-staff, for me to exercise with. I never sat up for myself in household matters, after that."—*Barre Gazette.*

A Sweet Poem.

LITTLE NELL.

BY MRS. NICHOLS.

Spring, with breezes cool and airy,
Opened on a little fairy;
Rose-tendrils, and cherry,
She, with pouting lips of cherry,
Lisped her name, and named its nanere,
Vexed that she might speak no faster.—
Laughing, crowing, dimpling merry,
Nellie! Nellie! her joys enhancing—
Full of baby-mirth and glee,
It was a joyous sight to see
Sweet Little Nell!

Summer came, and the Earth's lover
Ripening the tufted flower,
Calling down the glittering shower,—
Breathing o'er bride and flowers,—
Kindling young, pleasant May,
In a generous helper
Smallest insects loomed a tree
Through the soft sunlight of June
And the maiden sang for song,
Through the d'ys as bright and long,
Was Little Nell!

Autumn came! the leaves were falling,
Dead and sere was every
Pale and wan she grew, and weakly,
Seeing all her peers so meekly,
That to cut down and destroy,
As the fatal frost drew nearer,
Her self-life left hopeless lonely,
Watching by her semblance only,—
Child a little grave they met her—
In the church-yard cold they laid her,—
Laid her softly down to rest,
With a white rose on her breast,
Poor Little Nell!

Agricultural.

STUDY THE SOIL.

No young farmer should fail to study the nature and properties of the various elements necessary to fer-tile soil. To cherish a profound ignorance of the soil, and to suppose that it will produce crops, is to court extensive seasonal toil, cursed poverty, and ultimate degradation. No practical farmer pretends that he can produce a single plant out of nothing by dint of hard work. If it really takes something to form a good crop of grass, grain or roots, and that some-thing exists in the soil in it not obvious that its properties, and abundance or scarcity, should be known to every tiller of the earth?

If we analyze the earthy matters contained in wheat straw, or in the stems of rye, timothy, or roots, we shall find more than half of it to be a chemical called silica, (pure flint.) If we take a handful of service and from any cultivated field and examine that, it will also be found to contain more than fifty per cent. of the same siliceous ele-ment. The proportion of silica in the stems of several plants ranges from fifty to eighty per cent. of all the incombustible matter therein contained. That is about the average range of the proportion of silica in good soil. One of the best that we have ever analyzed contained of Mr. Champion of Rochester, gives the following result

Water and Hygrometric,	7.50
Organic Matter,	7.45
Silica,	70.00
Alumina and Oxide of Iron,	9.00
Carbonate of Lime,	1.00
Magnesia,	0.70
Potash and Soda,	traces.
Loss,	4.35
	100.00

By the above it will be seen that flint-sand notes a fraction over 63 parts in 100 of that soil. It will be found, upon analysis, that the best wheat, rye, timothy mixtures, at the ordinary heat of a summer's sun, a great—giving off more than 7 grains of water in 100 when thoroughly dried. This water abounds in the proper food of cultivated plants; for on treat-ing the soil with pure rain water, as it falls from the heaven, and evaporating it to dryness, 1.10 grains of organic and mineral elements were ob-tained. Of these, 1.00 was mineralic, and 0.10 or-ganic matter. A large portion of the mineral, was lime, which was precipitated by oxalate of ammo-nia. An appreciable quantity of magnesia, and traces of potash were found in the watery solution. This soil contains an unusual quantity of lime, yielding traces of both the sulphate and phosphate of that alkaline earth.

The application of lime will be of no service but to the use of litigants in self-colpher in the end, and bound to increase the phosphorus in the same, will be advantageous. Of the two fertilizers, lime is more needful than gypsum.

The analysis of Dr. C. Tracy's surface soil gave the following result

Water at absorption,	2.50
Organic and Volatile matter,	4.00
Silica,	84.50
Alumina and Oxide of Iron,	7.50
Carbonate of Lime,	1.70
Magnesia,	0.50
Potash,	0.01
Loss,	0.01
	100.00

This is a good soil, but contains more siliceous sand than is usually found in the best. Its organic matters are found in the soil of Mr. Champion. It has a smaller capacity for retaining moisture, and less available food.

One thousand grains of this specimen infused in pure cold rain-water gave a fraction over two grains of lime, and about one half of which was organic and the other mineralizable.

As this soil contains less available elements than is desirable, the addition of wood ashes and compost, bulk, in small and repeated doses will be of great benefit to it. Lime, marl, gypsum, and the ad-ditives is formed of matter derived from the sub-stance of the soil: we find, as the result of many experiments, that rain dissolves about equal quan-tities of lime and silica. Both are found in the soil, and become the principal ingredients of the stone and flint. Lime is leachable the hardest as it is, whence the French put them together in a pannah — you cannot make a brick of a lime without sand.

Why, at *Nonantelet*, are there at the *missing pool and distance pool*, two men *holding stones flags*?

Because, as soon as the first baste has passed the winning post, the men may drop his flag; and the other at the distance-post may drop his at the same moment, and the horse which has not then passed that post is said to be distanced, and cannot start again for the same plate or prize. A distance is two hundred and forty yards from the winning-post.

MESMERISM AT FAULT.

Some time since, an embalmer in the mysteries of mesmerism deposited a noble dog in one of the Dublin banks, to remain there for six months, and which was to become the property of any person who, without touching the envelope in which it was contained, should describe every particular respec-ting the animal—as its number, in date, the bank in which it was payable, &c., and who should read three English words, plainly written on a slip of paper, which was contained in the same envelope with the note.

Six months and seventeen days having expired, and no person appeared at the bank to ex-amine the envelope, it was opened, and the note proved to be a check for £100, payable to ——Esqure at bearer, and dated the 1st of October, 1845. The English words (written on a separate slip of paper) were, "To ——Esqure alone"—a translation from the Greek of the celebrated oracle delivered at Delphos, which committed to ——Esqure the difficult and some-what dangerous task of solving the Sphinx's riddle, or the true solution of which depended the safety of his country and his own life. The result is well known:—Œdipus solved the riddle: the Sphinx in despair flung herself (itself) from a rock into the sea. Thebes was saved.

The last of the communications were received from different parts of England and one from Aber-deen, containing mesmeric revelations respecting the "Lost Child," and one letter enclosed a re-mittance, or (intended) *fee simile* of it. Of course all these mesmerically-inspired persons were mis-taken in every particular.—*Evening Mirror.*

THE HUMAN HEART.—The heart of man is said to weigh about nine ounces, that of a woman, eight. At age increases a man's heart grows heavier, and a woman's lighter, after she's thirty.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY WILLIAM M. MCALLA.

I am composed of 54 letters.
My 51, 16, 7, 18, 1, 20, 15, 4, 23, 54, is a County in Virginia.
My 53, 36, 5, 1, 12, 17, is a County in Alabama.
My 21, 16, 3, 8, 38, 6, is a County in Georgia.
My 11, 10, 31, 2, 9, was an ancient Poet.
My 3, 32, 9, 16, was an ancient Roman Emperor.
My 12, 7, 3, 8, 17, is a County in Kentucky.
My 14, 12, 7, 4, is a River in Europe.
My 5, 38, 7, 9, 9, 15, 11, is a Town in North Carolina.
My 21, 8, 5, 38, 4, 8, is a County in New Jersey.
My 7, 9, 22, 12, is a City in South America.
My 1, 17, is a River in the country of Europe.
My 20, 11, 9, 16, is a River in the United States.
My 16, 1, 9, 3, 38, 10, 30, is a Town in South America.
My 36, 38, 5, 4, 17, 7, 16, 18, is one of the grand di-visions of the earth.
My 24, 6, 31, 4, 7, is a Town in Russia.
My 30, 17, 8, 1, 6, is a Town in the North of Europe.
My 16, 5, 4, 7, is a City in the Eastern part of Asia.
My whole is the name of an American officer who fell fighting bravely in the Revolutionary War.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY WILLIAM M. MCALLA.

My *first* is a thing of little worth,
Of blue, who is white, or black, or green;
A ray of joy illumes her brow.
Who *second* is found in the corn-field or car.
Changed though to gall were every meal—
Of vessel designed for the water,
Tell me not those who are made of lead.
Cause head in hand, joined to my third.

My SECOND comes from Heaven to earth,
And soon o'er every part o'ercast;
Tears woman's heart feel grief is hard—
Art's, and is found in every part.
A war, that only shines for one—
Is wrought in the human eye—
I'm something love—unknown to none—
Yet often denied with a sigh.

Like what the sun is to the flower—
Or, the bright, refreshing dew—
Like the summer's genial showers,
Or the needle, pointing true—
Like what I am to the faculties—
Remember her, because her love—
Like the circle, which is endless—
Will my CHARADE appear to you.

Candor, Ohio.

RIDDLE.

Three hundred of a century, and a cubic complaint,
A perpendicular where two angles never meet,
A regular triangle erected on feet,
Two semicircles, and a circle complete.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

A, and B, bought 300 acres of land at 3 dollars per acre; and sold it for 400 dollars. A says if he will let me take my land on this side of the lot, I will let you have so much more land on the back, as will make your land cost you 25 cents per acre less than mine shall cost me. The land being then divided, how much land had each, and what did each acre's land cost per acre?

CONUNDRUMS.

What vessel is that which denotes a less sum counted, with the rest of mass for source?

Why is a leg in a bed like an unbroad bank?

Why does a miller wear a white hat?

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.
MORSE'S MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

ENIGMA.
GENERAL ORDER CIRCULARIZED.

RIDDLES.
PEN-KNIFE.
LETTER H.

CONUNDRUMS.
IT IS QUITE SOME OUT OF THE ROAD.
Ans.
SURGEON.
ARITHMETICAL QUESTION
9 OZ SALT, 19 OZ SAND.

Culinary Department.

RECEIPTS.

ALMOND DRIED CAKE.—Take the skins from an ounce of almonds, and pound them fine with a tea-spoonful of essence of lemon; beat the yolks of three eggs, and put them to the almonds, with half a sugar and flour, each an ounce and a half, mix all well together; some sugar and flour on a tin plate, and drop the batter from a spoon in small cakes at either round on the length and size of a ginger, let them be on inch apart. Bake in a quick oven.

CURD CAKES.—Beat four eggs light, and stir them with a quart of boiling milk; when turned, and let it cool; then stir in one large coffee-cup of flour; one tea-spoonful of essence of lemon, and two more well-beaten eggs; beat it well, put some sweet butter hot in a thick-bottomed frying-pan; drop the mixture in, in small cakes some little distance apart; let them a few brown, then take them out on a sieve to drain.

LEMON DRIED CAKES.—Grate the rinds from three large lemons, put to it three heaping table-spoonfuls of white powdered sugar, and a tea-spoonful of flour; work the whole well together with white of one egg; drop it in small cakes on buttered paper about an inch apart. Bake in a moderate oven.

BEEFSTEAK PUDDING.

Four take your steak—or, two pair, but
Your steak—then take it, pound it well; then cut
It up in pieces small as—more or thinner. But
Have those things purple's one! (Really, I
Was never keen a cook) believe
The cuisine, have some dough—its dough, I mean,
And take a bowl; well grounded inside, but clean.
(Of course,) and line therewith, within and e'er,
Fill in with steak, pork, mut'n, lards and things
That make good gravy. Fit a place on top.
To up a cloth, and boil, without a stop,
Two hours. You'll have a delicious pudding, kings
Might relish—Ye, I'm sure, must love to eat.
You know Such Fuck! like gave me this receipt.

The Olio.

THE QUESTIONER.
A CHANT.

BY ROBERT NICOLL.

I ask not for his lineage,
I ask not for his name,
If manliness be in his breast,
He noble birth may claim.
I care not if of this world's wealth
But slender be his part,
If yet yon treasure where I ask—
Has he a true mate's heart!

I ask not from what land he came,
Nor where his kindred be;
If pure the stream, it matters not
The spot from where it flows;
The palace or the hovel,
Where the his life began,
I seek not of, but answer this—
Is he an honest man?

Nay, blush not now—right matters
Where fear he dare we his breast—
A stranger was not visited
Of Him of Nazareth!
Be sought, he say, everything,—
I care not what he be,
If that one treasure, where I ask—
Of thee, poor, wealth, be!

BEAUTIES OF INDIAN RUBBER.—At the Essex county, (New Jersey) Fair, a virtuous article was exhibited, being a new invention of Robin Rubber intended as a ladies' bustle and a life preserver com-bined. Probably the inventor did not know that the bust-le is a favorite article of female dress, indispensable, daily, and as to preserving life, we have never heard that they rather tended to destroy it by wasting the spiral springs and cambric muslin which encircle the waist. They might serve as life preservers at low tide-water or neap-tide, but then what fair one ever thinks at such a time? We are in a bustle. Notwithstanding the new invention, however, a writer in the Newark Daily Advertiser thinks it will a whimsical objection to its practical operation. Whatever position the octopus, he suggests, it is clear that wearing it as a bustle would render it useless as a life preserver, as the ingenuity of the other sex, if not to the ingenuity of their own; for, by a small puncture with the point of a pin, the air would escape from the bustle in the street, or even in a crowded room, a lady might find her latitudinal dimensions suddenly reduced and her dress, extended to a most awful contrast with embarrassing length. A tearful consideration, too!

LOVE SONG.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Laugh not, nor weep; but let thine eye
Grow soft and dim, for love should be
And be thy thoughts—Love, and
And tremulous, while I gaze on thee.

And let thy words be few or none—
But measure with thy sighs the sun
In summer, when the day is done.
Be lonely in the crowd, where I am there
And I—as I in those I see—
When all around is still and sweet,
Will watch the moonlight on the deep,
Thou if the world was at thy feet!

THE FOLLY OF FRETTING.—Two gardeners there were neighbors, and their crops of early peas killed by the frost. One of them came to consult with the other.

"Hila!" cried he, "how unfortunate. Do you know, neighbor, that I have done nothing but fret ever since? But, bless me! you seem to have a most healthy crop growing. What can these be?"

"Why these are what I served immediately after my last."

"What! and coming up already?" said the fretter.

"Yes," replied the other, "while you were fretting I was working."

CURIOUS DOG.—London dogs are not destitute of a sort of Cockney shrewdness. A fellow who sells wood was accustomed to go almost every day with a pre-sent to a friend in the baker's, and buy a roll for his own consumption. One day he gave the dog, as in a joke, gave him a roll, but so far, just out of the oven, which he accepted and carried to his master. Charged though to gall were every meal—
Of vessel designed for the water,
Tell me not those who are made of lead.
Cause head in hand, joined to my third.

My SECOND comes from Heaven to earth,
And soon o'er every part o'ercast;
Tears woman's heart feel grief is hard—
Art's, and is found in every part.
A war, that only shines for one—
Is wrought in the human eye—
I'm something love—unknown to none—
Yet often denied with a sigh.

Like what the sun is to the flower—
Or, the bright, refreshing dew—
Like the summer's genial showers,
Or the needle, pointing true—
Like what I am to the faculties—
Remember her, because her love—
Like the circle, which is endless—
Will my CHARADE appear to you.

Candor, Ohio.

RIDDLE.

Three hundred of a century, and a cubic complaint,
A perpendicular where two angles never meet,
A regular triangle erected on feet,
Two semicircles, and a circle complete.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

A, and B, bought 300 acres of land at 3 dollars per acre; and sold it for 400 dollars. A says if he will let me take my land on this side of the lot, I will let you have so much more land on the back, as will make your land cost you 25 cents per acre less than mine shall cost me. The land being then divided, how much land had each, and what did each acre's land cost per acre?

CONUNDRUMS.

What vessel is that which denotes a less sum counted, with the rest of mass for source?

Why is a leg in a bed like an unbroad bank?

Why does a miller wear a white hat?

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.
MORSE'S MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

ENIGMA.
GENERAL ORDER CIRCULAR